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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



the gallery of the Senate I fancied myself sitting beside the late Nelson Dingley of Maine and Hon. Joseph W. Fordney, former representative now living in Michigan, who went through campaigns for tariff bills bearing their names. I could imagine comments on the various schedules and hear them noting the lack of flowery oratory that was wont to burst forth in the drone of a tariff debate in the good old days. At times it seemed—in fol-

lowing proceedings as if there was no such animal as a Tariff measure. The Bill booked for the extra session

has been built on modern plans, a creation of committee deliberation, despatched with a celerity that would make the old-timers dizzy in the times when the McKinley Bill was passed. I could see again the late Senator Aldrich with flowing necktie on summer days pleading quietly but vigorously for the ill-fated Schedule K in the tariff bill named for him which upset the presidential applecart for the Republicans in the campaign that followed. Tariff legislation is the shoals that dis-Despite their turb party leaders. overwhelming defeat last fall, the Democratic leaders are taking heart in the hopes that a rift in the solidarity of the Republican majority may become possible through a coalition with the insurgents who are ready to attack administration policies. Meanwhile, President Hoover has reserved Saturday afternoons for fishing, real fishing, in the woods, without any thought or purpose of fishing for votes with the subtle bait of patronage. He has established a precedent of having endorsements for positions made public; consequently the old political ruse of endorsing three candidates at one time has been eliminated in patronage problems.

In the meantime Hon. Elihu Root, the beloved and honored Elder Statesman of the U. S. A. has returned from Europe where he pushed ahead, a notch or two, the World Court—which promises to be the crowning achievement of his notable public service. As Secretary of War and Secretary of State, he created the form of government for our insular possessions, all of which reflects the full power of his creative genius as a statesman making his country a constructive world power.

A LL this reminds us that it is "blossom time" and that more things have blossomed in the repertoire of the extra session than e'er were dreamed of when the buds of campaign promises appeared. Congressional debates have a way of detouring and including about every known subject, the outgrowth of the unlimited debate and "no cloture" permitted in the Senate. The traditions of filibustering—are here regarded as sacred as codfish in Massachusetts. With an engineer trained mind—President Hoover hopes to keep the Legislative Special on the track and follow the schedule purposed in calling the extra session.



Hon. Elihu Root, the elder statesman who is pushing towards completion the World Court.

HE orchestra was playing "By the Waters of Minnetonka." In the cozy nook of a corridor of the Mayflower I saw a smooth-faced, alert man talking to friends and dreamily listening betimes intently to the music. It was William DeWitt Mitchell, born at Winona, Minnesota, in the Indian Summer days of 1874. Every native son of the Gopher State has an inherent love of Indian lore: for are not the Falls of Laughing Waters-Minnehaha-located within the borders of that state? His father was a Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota for twenty years, and young William came naturally by a destiny related to the law. Attending pre-paratory school at Lawrenceville, N. J., he later drifted into electrical engineering which he studied at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale for two years. Returning to St. Paul, he received his degree from the University of Minnesota and in 1896 began the practice of the profession of his destiny in St. Paul and in a short time had a good practice. Serving as an officer in the Fifteenth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, and later as Judge Advocate General of the Second Army Corps in the Spanish-American War,

in 1918 he became Colonel of the Sixth (now the 206th) National Guard of Minnesota. The splendid work he accomplished as Counsellor of the American Red Cross led to his appointment as Solicitor General of the United States by President Coolidge in 1925, in which capacity he served until appointed Attorney-General in 1929—a member of President Hoover's first cabinet. Already he is accounted one of the most vigorous legal minds that has ever had charge of the portfolio of Jus-



Madame Maria Jeritza, a premier Prima Donna of the Metropolitan

tice. The responsibilities that have been thrust upon his Department in reference to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment do not seem to appal him. The transfer of this work to him from the Treasury Department has resulted in giving law enforcement a legal punch, especially since the enactment of the Jones Bill which has made bootlegging a prison stripe felony. There are few idle moments for the Attorney-General in these piping days of peace when the waves of prosperity tempt many evasions of the law and seem to recruit the criminal legions as well as the higher-up violators of law.

S a refreshing contrast after a day of acrimonious debate, I heard Senator James E. Watson, the floor leader, whistling an air from "Blossom Time." This was a barometer indicating that "all was going well," in spite of the hot words passed in senatorial discussion, concerning the Farm Debenture idea. Swinging back and forth in his chair, he continued by humming a strain from Schubert's "Serenade" which indicated that his early musical education in Indiana had not been neglected. It augured well for the revival of the beautiful and charming operetta, the melodies of which have been scattered by forty different companies on the road throughout the country. hundredth anniversary of Franz Schubert's death is being commemorated throughout the music-loving world. America is paying her tribute under the direction of a committee headed by Mr. Otto H. Kahn. Messrs. Lee and J. Schubert have put on a revival of "Blossom Time," scenically superb, in which Franz

Schubert, the composer, is the hero of a romantic, tender, sweet and fascinating love story. It was fitting that the beginning of this "Blossom Time" revival should occur in the Apollo Theatre in Boston during Music Week, preparatory to a tour extending from coast to coast, heralding the immortal melodies of Schubert's "Serenade" and songs. Genevieve Naegele as Mitzi and John Charles Gilbert as Franz Schubert, together with Herbert Lyle and a strong cast, provide a musical interpretation of Schubert's life that will ever be associated with the flowers of remembrance, given to the celebrated composer who won his way to the hearts of music lovers for all time with melodies attuned to the words of the classic poems of Walter Scott in English. Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, leaving behind an exquisite masterpiece called 'The Unfinished Symphony" the refrain of which is interwoven into the popular "Song of Love" of the Operetta. While Schubert failed to win the sweetheart pupil whom he adored, he did win the hearts of millions who have heard and sung his immortal melodies.

THE idea of setting aside one day a month devoted to their personal health is becoming popular among the solons at the Capitol. Senator Copeland's contention for more fresh air in the Senate Chamber has been successful, for "the lives of all our great men remind us" that health is a practical personal proposition unless demise early in life is sought. Consequently, absentees from the roll call indicate that health is on the individual calendar of law makers.



Dr. George M. Laughlin of Kirskville, Mo.

All this reminds me of my visit to speak at Kirksville, Mo., the home of Osteopathy, which gave me the first idea of a 'health day' many years ago. There I found Dr. George M. Laughlin a busy man looking after the health of others in the Laughlin Hospital which he founded in 1922. He also endowed the A. T. Still College of Osteopathy and Surgery, which has won a high place among educational institutions. The public as a rule does not understand that osteopaths take a four year course in a medical college as well equipped as any in the country with laboratories and hospital equal to those found elsewhere in connection with medical schools. The old original building still stands. A photographed group of ten or twelve students with "the old Doctor" A. T. Still, founder of Osteopathy, is an impressive contrast to a recent photograph taken showing six or seven hundred students attending the institution, which has flourished under the direction of Dr. George Mark Laughlin. He was born in New London, Missouri, and attended the State Teachers' College at Kirksville, prior to taking his medical degrees and his course in Osteopathy. His life has since been devoted to this science. As a teacher of osteopathic practice and orthopedic surgery in the American School of Osteopathy for eighteen years, he had much to do with the instruction and inspiration given to many of the eminent practitioners now located in all parts of the world, who are reflecting great credit upon the fifty years of achievement accredited to Osteopathy since Dr. Still first gave the idea to a critical and credulous public, in the face of bitter opposition from his fellow physicians. Health is today accounted the greatest asset of the nation and everything that counts for health is accorded a specific addition to the real wealth of the nation-Health Books-a contrast to the situation twenty years ago.



Hon. William DeWitt Mitchell, Attorney-General, U. S. A. Directing the Department of Justice



Miss Sarah A. Reed at the door of her Erie home where literary classes have been continued since the days when Ralph Waldo Emerson was the guest of honor

ACH administration seems to constitute in itself a complete drama of Washington life. The cast of characters naturally changes, but the good old play goes on, like one of those classic Grecian plays, which merrily continues day after day with prologues and scenes, sequels and epilogues that reach far into the centuries. It is almost tragic to realize how great bodies of men in public life seem to make their exit at about the same time, until it is difficult now to find many survivors of the McKinley administration. It gave me a real thrill to find Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, the secretary of President McKinley and one who held three Cabinet portfolios in the administrations of Roosevelt and Taft, looking just about the same as he did in the days when he carried tremendous responsibilities of presidential administration on his shoulders. The same quiet, efficient manner, always thoughtful and considerate of others, made him one of the outstanding men in public life in his day and generation. Now president of the New York Consolidated Gas Company, he has given to that organization the same effective executive direction that marked his notable, if not spectacular public career in Washington.

THE proceedings of the Reparations Conference with its threatened dissolution have been followed with keen interest in Washington. The work of the American representatives, Owen D. Young, Thomas W. Lamont and J. Pierpont Morgan, has indicated rare patience and consummate diplomatic genius. They have been able to discover the jokers in the deck before the critical cards were played—and managed to hold a trump or so. Altogether it has been a supreme test of American good nature and patience. The continued threat of other delegates "taking their playthings and going home" has not disturbed the business-

like and practical members of the American delegations who have a sublime faith that fair play and equitable adjustment will win ultimately, despite the introduction of old-time diplomatic tricks that were thought to have passed with the World War when the language



Hon. James E. Watson, floor leader of the Senate

of lies was to be supplanted by simple statements of truth, as a most effective form of modern diplomacy and conduct of international affairs.

HE flank attack on Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, came rather late in the day to be effective. After eight years of service as Secretary of the Treasury that has meant much to every individual stockholder in the corporation of the U. S. A., it did not seem quite fair or just for his enemies to discover suddenly disqualifications which he has most emphatically disproved in service rendered. There may have been some technical hair-splitting legal details prescribed a century ago, but the people of today are becoming tired of having personal and political animosities aired and prosecuted at public expense. In the meantime, Secretary Mellon keeps right on, directing Uncle Sam's financial affairs in a manner that has accorded him the distinction of being a worthy successor of Alexander Hamilton, who was the first Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's Cabinet and founder of our fiduciary system.

In the days when Theodore Roosevelt was at the White House, authors, scientists, poets and prima donnas, as well as potentates, politicians and prize fighters—all sorts and conditions of people in the public eyes—were welcome visitors at the Executive Mansion. One of his favorites was Madame Schumann-Heink, who gave several concerts in the East Room and was

counted a real friend of the president. An earnest tribute was paid Theodore Roosevelt in her recent book which is one of the most fascinating biographies of the The material for the volume was prepared by her friend Mary Lawton and is presented in a most colloquial charming manner. The life struggles of Ernestine Schumann-Heink indicate why the big-hearted and motherly singer is so sympathetic and popular in the United States. Her first son, born in this country, was named George Washington. During these May days she broadcasted to a nation-wide audience on "Safety in the Home," and there are few more welcome voices, either speaking or singing, than that of the ever-smiling, genial Schumann-Heink, whose career as an artist has been an inspiration to youth in all lands. Her sense of humor is unfailing and she delights in telling stories of her experiences in Washington when she was "presented at court."

THESE are the days when the prima donnas and operatic tenors take their flight like birds of passage to Europe for the summer. There they rest, recreate and prepare for the real work in practice and rehearsal for the few hours they appear before the footlights in the season, winning the plaudits and dollar plunkets of opera lovers. Madame Marie Jeritza has returned to her native Brun in Czecho-Slovakia to vist with the home folks, whose real name is Yeritza, an old Moravian name. The "Y" was changed to "J" at her request to make the pronunciation easier. First brought to the attention of the Hof Opera at Vienna by no less a person than Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, the tiny slip of a girl won continental fame while yet in her teens. In early and later life her ruling passion was study. As she remarked, "My master is



C. K. Blandin, former Publisher of the Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn.

study, study, study. It seems as if every day of my life has been a study day and study days are usually happy days." Her husband, Baron Popper, is the son of Blanche Marchesi, the famed instructor of famous baritones, tenors and almost all the prominent American prima donnas. Ever since their marriage Baron Popper has been wrapped up in his wife and her life work. Although he is known as M. Le Baron Popper in business, he considers his real distinction as that of being the husband and lover of Madame Jeritza on the stage of real life.

N event that almost assumes the dignity of a state document is the challenge by Sir Thomas Lipton for the International Yacht Cup. For many years, Sir Thomas has been a game loser; but "Shamrock IV" is counted as a winner by the intrepid Irishman born and thriftily reared in Scotland—and as he says— "educated in the United States." Sixty years ago, as a young emigrant, he landed in Castle Garden with sixtyfour cents in his pocket, and began his business career on world-famous American soil soon thereafter. lived much in the south and was very much attached to the Southern people who gave him a hospitable welcome. Year after year he has persistently worked to achieve the one great ambition of his life-to win the American Cup. I have visited with him in his home in London where he has a large room filled with gold and silver cups -trophies which have been awarded him in nearly all the notable yacht races in the world. It was a real sidelight when I witnessed him sending out candy and sweets to hundreds of children every Sunday. As a bachelor of life-long standing, he considers all children a part of his family. On every annual visit to the United States, Sir Thomas has been given a reception worthy of a statesman, and is everywhere affectionately known as "Tommie" Lipton, a real fellow, and Americans do admire and love a true sports-

THERE seemed to be little difference in the demeanor of Honorable Calvin Coolidge when he arrived in the metropolis and began his duties as Director of the New York Life Insurance Company. Making his way quickly to the directors' room he was saluted by the elevator men and those who met him in the corridor as a veteran executive. The articles he has written in the Cosmopolitan and Ladies' Home Journal and advance copies of articles to appear in the American Magazine have established his right and title as one of the most

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interesting and popular contributors to periodicalsaside from the fact that he served seven years as President of the United States. It is a far cry from June, 1895, when on his graduation from Amherst College he won the First Prize open to all colleges on his essay-"Principles, Revolutionary War." He won his degree cum laude and was Grove Orator in his senior year. While we do not often think of Calvin Coolidge as a poetic writer, where will you ever find anything more tender and impressive phrased in words than his description of his mother which appeared in the Cosmopolitan: "She was practically an invalid ever after I could remember her, but used what strength she had in lavish care upon me and my sister, three years younger. There was a touch of mysticism and poetry in her nature which made her love to gaze at the purple sunsets and watch the evening stars. Whatever was grand and beautiful in form and color attracted her. It seemed as though the rich green tints of the foliage and the blossoms of the flowers came for her in the



The climax scene in "Blossom Time" showing Schubert, the composer discovering Baron Von Schober, his friend, with his pupil sweetheart, Mitzi. Revival of the popular operetta commemorating the Centenary of Schubert's death.

springtime, and in the autumn it was for her that the mountainsides were struck with crimson and with gold."

OTHERS bring out vividly the story of human greatness, for on Mothers' Day in Maytime the Mother Sisterhood, who have come so close to the very creation of genius and eminence in human affair, commands attention with the floral insignia of a white carnation. I have stood in the blue dawn near the site of the holy manger in Bethlehem—where the mother-memories of the Master began with the stargleamed holy light of Christianity. At the grave of Nancy Hanks, in old Indiana, the leaves of the trees seem to sing to me a refrain—that tribute of the immortal Lincoln: "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother." In old Virginia sleeps Mary Ball, the mother of Washington who influenced her boy not to join the English navy and gave us the Father of our Country.



Hon. Thomas J. Walsh, U. S. Senator from Montana, as he appeared when he entered the Senate

N a beautiful day in August year I visited the grave of Hulda Hoover on the hillside near the little Iowa West town of Branch where Herbert Hoover was born. The orphaned son was there at the time receiving plaudits from all over the world as a nominee for President of the United States. Speaking to the home folks in the big tent forty-five years after the parting with his mother, the voice of the son broke recalling the scene when the neighbor mothers

gathered about the little orphaned family and offered to take them to their hearts and homes as their own flesh and blood. That little mound of green in the Iowa birthplace is not forgotten today in the White House—where the white carnation shines in pristine purity.

In Canton, Ohio I placed flowers on the greensward where Nancy Allison McKinley, the mother of President William McKinley rests. The soil of the Empire State enfolds the remains of Martha Bullock Roosevelt, who lovingly responded to the mother call of Theodore Roosevelt. On the banks of the Ohio sleeps Louise Torry Taft, the New England born mother who inspired the life career of William Howard Taft, President and Chief Justice of the United States. The gentle breezes of the Southland blow softly over the grave of Jessie Woodrow Wilson, the mother of our war President, Woodrow Wilson.

WITH Warren G. Harding I visited God's acre when he placed flowers with loving remembrance on the tomb of his mother, Phoebe Dickenson Harding. Amid the green hills of Vermont Calvin Coolidge, then a boy of twelve, met the first great sorrow of his life as he stood by the bier of his beloved mother, Victoria Moor Coolidge, in the little church yard at Plymouth. He has recently written of this sad moment "Life was never to seem the same again."

The investigations conducted before the Federal Trade Commission in Washington as to the ownership of stock in newspaper properties by the International Paper Company were not looked upon altogether with favor by the American Newspaper Publishers Association at their last convention. A number of the newspapers have since purchased all the stock held by the paper makers which it would seem in a way would straighten out the legal and technical objections involved. One thing is certain, the American people will always insist upon a press as free as possible from all outside influences; but in these days of economic interdependence, it is difficult to differentiate between the paper maker and the newspaper proprietor, as a part and parcel of producing a newspaper.

When the crisis arrives in the continuance of a newspaper, it usually centres on the paper bill. The mergers that have been effected for economical reasons may not have the aspect of enhancing the indepen-dence of newspaper opinion; but it is inevitable that newspapers conducted as private business enterprises will necessarily be governed by the business customs and conditions of the times. During the War, many found it necessary to invest in paper mills in order to secure the paper with which to continue publicationeven at a sacrifice. One of the newspaper publishers who met this war-time situation successfully was Charles K. Blandin of the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Later he found his investments in paper mills required all or more attention than the newspapers, and later sold his publications and continued making paper at Grand Rapids, Minn. on the banks of the Mississippi. His career in the newspaper business, extending over many years from the time he set type in a country printshop in New London, Conn. on to the ownership of the two leading newspapers of St. Paul, was one of marked success. This naturally led to a large and extensive acquaintance among the newspaper men all over the country that makes it difficult to disassociate the present popular paper maker from the publishing business in which he was engaged for so many years. Perhaps the only difference that he discovers in the two occupations of making paper or running a newspaper is that the paper is manufactured on the banks of a river where there is good fishing close at hand, and the paper bills look better as invoices going out than as accounts payable to be met. Meantime, he continues to cut bait and insists on being happy in his little community, where he helps to keep the wheels going around.



Sir Thomas Lipton the well-known yachtsman

Observing A Health Day Every Month

A plan to "go over the engine" and machinery of one's own physical body once a month and have a real inspection day—human life certainly of more value than a motor car

Portion of an Address delivered at Kirksville, Mo., on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Dr. A. T. Still, the Founder of Osteopathy

THE last time that I saw old Doctor Still, whose memory you are honoring today, he was lying on a couch in the darkened room, talking to me with the radiant, enthusiastic spirit of youth concerning his beloved Osteopathy. His eyes shone like stars as he visioned the future of what you are celebrating in the centenary of his birth. I could not help but think of Abraham Lincoln as he lay there. an outstanding example of virile, sturdy and stalwart American pioneer-even in the last of his four score days. His ruggedness of personality and his dominant achievement seemed revealed and typified when a burst of sunshine came through the windows above and lighted the features so beloved to you in memory. What a wonderful century has passed since the birth of that blue-eyed babe in old Virginia, where it would seem he began reflecting some noble dreams with the first glance into his mother's face. One hundred years have passed since that birth in a log cabin that is as notable to the medical profession as was the birthplace of the great Emancipator to the structure of our modern government. Early in life he began dealing with fundamentals. As a boy in a pioneer village, he was obliged to make his own pleasures, even to make his own playthings; he created these for his own advancement, as well as pleasure. As he constructed his first bow and arrow, he learned that great primary law of the universe-balance. He knew that in order to shoot the arrow there must be perfect adjustment or it fell wide of the mark. When he was taught that there were one hundred and eight bones in the human body, he longed to see a skeleton and to finger and touch each individual component part of the human structure and to understand its relation one to another, for he was again delving into that vast mystery of balance. He proved his theories as he went along by testing and proving them on live human beings and did not acquire his technique through book or the dissecting room. He worked in accordance with the laws of Nature and sought to understand her secrets through the laws of construction.

In that same old Virginia, the mother of presidents, was born Cyrus McCormick, the inventor of the reaper. This invention impressed the lad in the harvest field with his scythe, because of the precision with which this inanimate machine did its work when perfectly balanced and adjusted. There was also something inspiring in the rhythm of that reaping machine which suggested what should come with the perfect and perfected locomotion of the human body. He endured what all radically initiative ideas must com-

bat. There were the traditions of the medical profession which had not made much advancement since Harvey discovered circulation; but the light was dawning in the line of hygiene and modern surgery through the same channels with which old Doctor Still was founding this wonderful curative school of Osteopathy that seemed to come closer to supplementing the laws of nature in the cure and prevention of human ailments than anything else ever

doctor, who was as much humanitarian as physician.

Coincident with the age of steel and skyscrapers, Osteopathy was established. As the old theories of buildings were transcended in the art of constructural adjustment which made possible the Brooklyn Bridge and the skyscrapers of today, Dr. Still's Osteopathy revealed how the coordination of bone and muscle is necessary to good health. The most astonishing results, almost unbelievable, followed the dis-



The late Dr. A. T. Still

His school was established in the environment of a home and that home was in old Missouri, the state famed and noted as a testing ground for doubting minds. It was not long until young men caught his vision, came to him and sat at his feet and were taught by him, much as the sages and philosophers of old founded their schools of philosophy and medicine. It is a wonderful heritage to have known the old Doctor, who typified the conception of helpfulness and sympathy associated with the old country

covery of the interdependence of muscle, bone and tissue.

It aroused the intolerant opposition of the drug therapists and the medical politicians of the American Medical Society, who were beginning to flourish under the lively anticipation of surgical fees increased at geometrical progression. Dr. Still's followers were many of those who could not afford the luxuries of modern medical practice, and Kirksville became a mecca of the maimed and the halt and the hopeless cases

abandoned by the doctors of the medical profession.

Year by year the school developed young men who were not only osteopaths, but experts in surgery, concentrating upon the one object of adjustment and balance and the prevention of physical and mental unhappiness, occasioned by disease. Arriving at Kirksville the dread and fear of the knife vanished when old Doctor Still brought into play the magic of his knowledge and experience. He felt that disease could be prevented by just a little attention to the human machine before it was out of order and to occasion the free flow of circulation and digestion. He was an undying foe to congestion of every description and he felt that disease could be prevented through sanitary measure and right living. Since the advent of osteopathy a new era of prevention of disease has been established, for as a mechanic inspects his machine, so the osteopath inspects the human body and, finding slight maladjustments, corrects them before they have an opportunity to wreck the whole machinery.

The osteopathic physician not only recognizes mechanical causes for disease but also the effect the poison generated by the body itself has upon the mind and body. It also recognizes the value of eliminating pus or poison from the body—the necessity of a clean blood stream as well as a normal circulation. By examining his patient periodically he can safeguard life and health.

One person in every ten in the United States is hard of hearing, according to a recent statement made by a celebrated osteopath to me when at his office. His statistics show that fully 90% of these cases could have been saved from deafness if, instead of having inflation, they had had 100% osteopathic otology for the correction of the underlying cause, which would have prevented deafness and which eventually is destined to revolutionize the treatment of deafness, as osteopathy in general practice is revolutionizing the treatment of most diseases that flesh is heir to.

The whole cry in the world is Prevention—prevention of war; prevention of sickness; prevention of Hell and preservation for Heaven!

In reviewing American History I would place Dr. Andrew Taylor Still as among the great discoverers and inventors of the century. He antedated the time of the practical use of X-Ray machines so that hardly a bone is set without an X-ray, revealing the same information that Dr. Still was seeking before the advent of X-ray machines. Then too with electricity came a new knowledge of nerve centres as revealed through the sense of touch, as all of us know who have ever been on the osteopath's table. The nerve messages were no longer misdirected, they were delivered. The very structure of the airplane, a perfection of balance, and equilibrium, associated osteopathy with aviation, with its essentials of elimination, and utilizing the structure of the bird in flying, added to that electric spark of power that overcomes the age-old law of gravitation.

While radio has become an inherent part

of nearly every household, a necessity in American life, we find that Osteopathy forecast it all in its revolution of how each part of the body radios to the other part of the body when in pain or distress;—it broadcasts and receives.

What seemed at first like magic becomes a reality, and a reality in this land of individualism soon evolves into a necessity.

From his own lips I heard the story of his experiences as a United States Army Surgeon during the Civil War. He was a Union Officer and returned to his home in Kansas to resume the practice of his profession. The more he practised the less confidence he had in the efficacy of drugs as a means of healing, and when he publicly announced on that fateful day, June 22, 1874 that he would henceforth discard the use of drugs as a curative measure and dedicate his life to the cause of aiding Nature in the alleviation of disease by mechanical readjustment of the disordered body, he inaugurated a new era in the history of human progress. For eighteen years he struggled and wrought alone, a solitary figure, demonstrating by actual clinical experience the basic fundamentals of his system of Therapeutics. He abandoned an unparalleled success in his profession and with unbounded enthusiasm and tenacity of purpose, deliberately passed from plenty to adversity and want in order that he might heal the afflicted poor, which course he continued until he finally was able to establish his school in Kirksville in 1892, thus bringing to many the ineffable joys of health.

All inventions have led to a betterment of national life, so Osteopathy has led to the building of a better nation, and many osteopathic physicians have specialized in certain branches of this study, one of the most important of which has led to the cure of defective and undeveloped children. The judges in Juvenile Courts in many cities have designated osteopathic physicians to give these unfortunate children treatment before sentencing them to an institution, thus salvaging youthful Americans. The success attending these efforts have resulted in the building of several public sanitoria for the exclusive treatment of the young and unfortunate children so afflicted.

Dr. Still's whole idea was to establish normalcy with a perfect adjustment of the spiritual, mental and physical, so it logically carried the thought back to Nature and God's creation at its best.

Nature's inexorable laws cannot be disregarded; when violated she demands a price, and the closer man comes to nature by living by nature's law, the more likely he is to enjoy that greatest asset—health of body and mind which is man's natural and rightful possession.

Before you appears a lithesome, sylphlike form which is not a phantom. This bit of mortal flesh has been transported through the air over different continents at a speed of two hundred miles an hour, faster than any bird that ever flew or any hurricane, and I appear before you as an example of what an osteopath might do. In the meantime I have enjoyed life, every minute of it, and a goodly measure of health, and now I will make a confession.

I visit an osteopath at least once a month, no matter if I am feeling fit enough to knock out Gene Tunney. I have found that a health day once a month is the most important twenty-four hours on the calendar. I begin with an osteopath, have my ears probed, eyes inspected and even permit a look at my teeth, from thence I am usually despatched to a dentist to look over a patient without a toothache, and possibly despatched to an irrigation laboratory, and even the chiropodist may have a look at my toes. I call it my health holiday and usually begin and wind up with an osteopath who seems to find every one of the hundred and eight bones in my body and every sensitive muscle with an ardent desire to find something wrong, which he usually does, but a stitch in the back if taken in time saves nine doctor's bills. We inspect our automobiles, which only cost one or two thousand dollars, and neglect our own human machines on which Uncle Sam computes a value of \$8000. So when I awaken in the morning and begin my exercise of happy and healthful thoughts, together with the radio man and his daily dozen, I think of that day on the calendar when I must pass inspection if I am to claim the rights and privileges of a normal human being and meet my fellow man with the capacity of dealing with him fairly and justly. Most of the troubles of the world are caused by temper or vanity which easily results from ill health. The congested litigation of the courts are a startling evidence of the wanton and criminal neglect of health, which would not be accorded to the hogs in the field or your motor car in the garage. The losses that come through contacts in business where untold billions are wasted in decisions made through irritations, come from the impulses of human beings who are directly influenced by a physical disorder, a derangement which is unpardonable in these days of universal knowledge.

Often have I associated Osteopathy with the glories of Grecian sculpture, for does it not deal with the perfection of the human form and its relation to the higher motives of man. As Pygmalion sought to have his statue of stone speak to him, the osteopath has in his patients the possibilities of the perfect emergence of a healthful and well-ordered human being from out the stone block of despair and disorder that is offered him.

This has truly become the "bone age"—a lively and hopeful successor of the Stone Age, when we find that old and trite saying of Socrates galvanized into a new meaning "Know Thyself" and even Aristotle, the first of the great students of anatomy and medicine, can send his blessing and benediction to old Doctor Still, a worthy disciple and successor, who has brought the highly-tensioned complicated world of modern times back to the simplicity of that ancient wisdom which has endured on and on through the ages.

Edith Scott Magna's Magic D.A.R. Work

She proves a veritable wizard in raising the finances for the building of Constitution Hall by the Daughters of the American Revolution

A FTER hearing Edith Scott Magna make an address, I did not wonder that this dynamic little Daughter of the American Revolution had proved worthy of her sires. Her father is a Scotsman and her mother descended from sturdy Revolutionary stock.

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lutionary stock. When Mrs. Alfred J. Brousseau, the capable and beloved president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution turned the first sod for the foundations of the new two million dollar Constitution Hall, to be built in Washington by that great body of women, she required one million dollars in pledged cash for the undertaking. That amount was raised under the direction of Mrs. Edith Scott Magna of Holyoke, Massachusetts. The task was given her when she was one of the Vice-Presidents General of the D.A.R., and she launched the campaign of raising this million dollars in three years with a faith and confidence that has been characteristic of her effective public service. With a magnetic genius for leadership inherited by few women, she was able to enlist the hearty and enthusiastic support of the Daughters of the American Revolution from all parts of the country and even in foreign lands. The result was that she raised the large sum without cost to the national or local bodies and surpassed even her own promises-rounding out \$1,000,000 in two instead of three years. This is all easy enough to write in words, but the deed achieved is another matter. Mrs. Russell Wm. Magna secured the result by traveling all over the United States, not once, but many times, speaking practically at every state conference in the entire circle of forty-eight states. Her magnetic appeal thrilled her audiences even into buying the chairs on the floors, boxes, planks, everything that would become a definite or concrete portion of the new Constitution Hall. More than that-the addresses were inspirational in patriotic appeal and illuminated the work of the organization through a new perspective, vividly envisioning the future visit of members in every state to Washington entering the new Hall and pointing out the box or particular portion of the building which their state or chapter had provided. The same spirit was manifested in this work as when the Washington Monument was completed by womenafter men had failed. The names of hundreds of regents and other leading members are to be inserted throughout the seating equipment of the new auditorium.

The campaign led to results far transcending the mere raising of money. It brought about a marvelous coördination and

coöperation of the entire national membership, forming a still closer tie between the far-scattered chapters of the organization, which had grown to such power and numbers that even the delegates to a National Convention could not find seating space in the beautiful Memorial Continental Hall completed in 1904. It was in this now nationally famed auditorium that the historic conference for the Limitation of Armament was held, called by President Harding in



Mrs. Edith Scott Magna of Holyoke, Massachusetts, who raised the finances for the building of Constitution Hall by the Daughters of the American Revolution

1923. Here was signed the first of the great Peace Pacts by the Allies of the World War. What more fitting environment could have been chosen for this notable event? Despite the militant and uncompromising principles of the Daughters of the American Revolution, it has ever been a most potential power for peace. The fact that this epochal gathering was held in their Hall, fired the Daughters of the American Revolution with an appreciation of the ever-enlarging responsibilities, nationally and internationally of the D.A.R. as a potent factor in demonstrating the horrors of warfare.

Month after month, leading on to two years of arduous work, with no reserve as to her own vitality, Edith Magna roused her comrades with the voice of a Crusader to a sense of idealism that would have en-

abled them to scale any heights. In this she had the wholehearted support of a generous, loving father and sympathetic and understanding husband.

When Lowell Thomas witnessed Mrs. Magna delivering one of her speeches, he commented upon the intensiveness of her personality, the keen but kindly eyes glowing beneath a crown of red-gold hair, a very flame in itself, in a tiny frame under five full feet, and told the audience that Lawrence of Arabia looked for all the world like the lady who had been speaking—a dynamic power whose influence radiates far beyond the fleeting hours of the important occasions at which she has spoken.

Edith Scott Magna is the only daughter of Colonel Walter Scott, executive of Butler Brothers, with its houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and, like her father, is marching toward his well-earned title-"The Friend of all the People." She was born in Boston and even in her early life she has been active in work that involves doing something for others. As Regent of the Mercy Warren Chapter of the D.A.R. in Springfield, Massachusetts, she made a real record and served as a Counsellor on the Massachusetts State Board through three administrations. Her genius in raising money was early recognized and she was appointed chairman of a committee to raise funds for a new dormitory which the Massachusetts Daughters built at a cost of \$60,000 at the American International College in Springfield.

For three years, she served as Vice-President General of the national organization and for three eventful years was National Chairman of the Finance Committee for Constitution Hall, which with a seating capacity of four thousand, beautiful library, and adequate facilities to care for large conventions of women, is one of the outstanding achievements of the constructive genius of American women, in the national capital. The Society voted to begin work on the building as soon as the first million was pledged and this was done in record time and included three quarters of a million dollars in cash collected. To accomplish her work the National Chairman received the hearty cooperation of the entire society. In her work with the Daughters of the American Revolution only one phase of the public activities of Mrs. Magna is revealed. At her home in Holyoke, Massachusetts, she is always ready to take her part in any affair that is assigned her.

During the extended reconstruction of state highways in New England she observed that the oldest tavern on the Boston Post Road was in the way of becoming de-

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Bringing the Tropics to Boston

The handsome new offices of the United Fruit Company in "The Hub" have transported the witching and alluring and fascinations of Cuba and the Carribbean area

ROM Tremont Street, Boston, to the Tropics. In a glance one can travel fifteen hundred miles; or drop in at the new offices of the Great White Fleet at 201 Tremont Street, in the Little Building, Boston and receive an authentic, advance tropical thrill, because one finds here a fine old Spanish patio. Across the railing of the balcony stretches, in inimitable perspective, a view of romantic Havana Harbor-mile after mile of sapphire tropic sea, with red roofs of the city in the middle distance, while the foreground is filled with the impressive bulk of old Morro Castle, with its ancient guns sprawled across the parapet.

Here we seem to have left behind the bustle of Boston's busy comercial thoroughfare while being transported to the atmosphere of Old Spain. The floor beneath one's feet is of red, blue and black tile, set in an irregular pattern, after the style of la Casa Roja, in Seville. Surrounded by coffered archways, glowing with subdued, yet rich coloring, one feels the fascinating lure of the tropics. The walls are of old ivory and in which ever way one turns, slender, spiralled columns meet one's eyes—the type of column evolved by the Moors when the Alhambra was young.

To add to the illusion there are balconies with close-set spindles of circassian walnut and windows and galleries filled with delicately wrought iron work in floral form that constantly repeats itself. Amber lights fill the elaborate lanterns dropped from the paneled ceiling; and torchieres and tall candelabra are set into darker recesses where doorways with glassed-in peepholes give promise of the mystery that attaches to a Spanish dwelling.

Here and there are rare old "ollas" in faded blues and reds, and the oil jars of Castile and to complete the air of romance inseparable from the architectural quaintness of the patio there are heavily carved armoires and rare Spanish chests that seem to fit into the glazed tiling that occurs and reoccurs in the mellow toned plaster.

While this is a business office, one can stop in and buy a steamship ticket for any



The entire side wall of the new United Fruit Company offices at 201 Tremont Street, Boston, is covered with a beautiful mural painting depicting a view down Havana Harbor. It is illuminated from all sides and is extremely realistic as one sits at a desk



Entrance to the private office showing look-out balcony above. The tiles on the floor were especially imported from Spain

port that lies within the historic territory known as the Spanish Main. The chair in which you sit, the desk over which you lean are all as Spanish as the Cid and as authentic as the wall hanging of Spanish brocade which illuminates the South well. Doorways, grilles, pilasters—are all copies of the art that has long been known as Spanish-Mooresque.

The panorama of city, sea and sky that seems so real when viewed through Morrish arches is in reality a wonderfully



Note the grilled windows and the spiralled columns which, by the way, were first used by the Moors when they built the Alhambra

clever panoramic painting which the artist spent months painting in Havana. Careful study was necessary to perfect the quaint escutcheons of the Central American Republics which, in corect heraldry, adorn the upper spaces of the walls. In the side wall of the entresol is a mural map with birds and fish symbolic of ancient cartogrophers, with a tone of modernity because it shows the routes over which pass the ships of the Great White



View from the rear of the office to the bronzed front door. Note the quaint doors with the peepholes so characteristic of Spanish architecture

Fleet. It is all ancient toned and yet intensely modern in its comfort and luxury. The new office of the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet with its atmosphere of tropic splendor set down in Tremont Street in Boston is certainly an innovation in modern office environment, emphasizing the fact that beauty is after all a profitable utility.

Edith Scott Magna's Magic D. A. R. Work

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molished and an important landmark obliterated. It is instinctive with a Daughter of the American Revolution "to set the watch and let not tradition fail." The Daughters have done more to preserve and restore historic sites in the United States than all other agencies combined. They have preserved the written and chronicled history of the country in a visible form and restored and saved many a shrine revered by Americans. Because of this instinctive sense of preservation, Mrs. Magna as Vice-President General of the D.A.R., at once set about raising money to have the original Tavern, redolent with stirring memories of Revolutionary days, moved to a lot where it would be safe for all time. It has been suitably marked with a bronze tablet, indicating that it was the work of the D.A.R. The Park Commission offered to make Mrs. Magna temporary custodian of the property on which it stands, within the boundaries of the park. At her request, the Eunice Day Chapter of Holyoke assumed this custodianship, and the old tavern has been restored to a career of usefulness, having been converted into a delightful inn and tearoom, furnished with old treasures contemporaneous with its early history-which are the gifts and loans from the citizens of Holyoke.

Aside from her activity in public work, Edith Scott Magna has written considerable verse of commanding merit, which was contributed from time to time to various magazines and periodicals. It has been her one great ambition to find time to pursue a literary career, and her book entitled "We Travel Together" is a volume of intense interest and literary worth, reflecting the literary genius of the little woman who has done so much in perpetuating the work of American authors, historians and citizens of eminence.

With a record of achievement as a background such as she possesses, it is no wonder that the people of Holyoke, and the Daily Transcript Telegram, the home paper, are deeply appreciative of what she has done. The Washington Post and Star and many other leading papers have commented upon her achievements, but the home paper tells the real story in summing up her characteristics:

"She has the power of an understanding mind and of unflagging industry. These she welds together and makes effective by a really distinguished diplomacy. She is one of the people who can defend or work against programs or policies without at any time making either the cause or the program personal. That is, she opposes that which she cannot support with enthusiasm, but she never opposes the person whose program lacks her favor.

"She has the kindest of good-will for those who differ with her. Nor is it a pose. She is genuinely a diplomat and she goes on to ever-growing leadership in many lines and fields, because she herself has the power of intellect and understanding tact, she is as square and as true as a die—and she works.

"Always she carries the name of Holyoke high. Every state in the union knows her and gives her high support. Her name is spoken always with the placing 'Holyoke-Massachusetts.'"

On several occasions I have heard Mrs. Magna speak at banquets and public meetings from the same platform with her father, Colonel Walter Scott. It was a beautiful picture of filial and paternal devotion seldom witnessed. There was a marked similarity in the personalities and it was plain to see that the daughter had been the boon companion of the father since the days of her mother's death. They hunt together, fish together, and have enjoyed each other's companionship as real pals. The same broad, comprehensive, genuine heartsomeness of the father is revealed in the scope of sympathetic activities covered

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Half a Million Without a Country in U.S.A.

Startling revelations of the status of Citizenship, indicating that technically there are over a half million people in the United States without citizenship, suggesting Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country"

By ARTHUR E. COOK

NLY recently an acquaintance remarked to me that she had just read that very interesting little book, by Edward Everett Hale entitled "The Man Without a Country." "It never occurred to me before," she said, "in just how desperate a fix one might be 'without a country." "That is not uncommon," I said to her, "especially in the United States. In fact thousands of women in this country can claim no country."

The lady was surprised when I explained a few of the circumstances of becoming "stateless," but her surprise would no doubt be shared by millions of her country people, if they were suddenly brought face to face with a problem which does confront a large number of persons.

Who are citizens; who are aliens; how aliens become citizens, and citizens aliens, as well as who are neither citizens nor aliens, is an intricate and interesting subject. Its importance is frequently not recognized, but there are times when it bears down with tragic results.

One of the objects of complaint against the Sovereign of England set forth in the Declaration of Independence was that he had obstructed the laws for the Naturalization of Foreigners. Of course that presupposes that there were at least two classes of persons residing here—subjects and aliens. The principal difference between citizens and subjects is the character of government; the representative form using the term "citizen," while the monarchial form calls its nationals "subjects."

The right to become naturalized is based fundamentally upon a right to change one's nationality, yet even today that right is denied in some countries. In other countries nationality may be taken away. Frequently it happens that a person loses a nationality and does not acquire another. Just how does he stand, at home and abroad?

I believe that today every country recognizes, as does the United States, the right to citizenship (or nationality) by birth within the territory of the government. The Constitution of the United States makes only one condtiion to the acquisition of citizenship by birth, which is that at the time of birth the person shall be "subject to the jurisdiction thereof." As foreign embassies (legations, etc.) and the representatives of such foreign governments while in their embassies etc., are not subject to the jurisdiction of the United States the child of such representative born in this non-jurisdictional territory would seem not to acquire United States citizenship. Like-

wise, if during a foreign war some portion of United States territory should temporarily be occupied by the Enemy, a child born within the army of occupation, as might be to the wife of an officer visiting, would not be a citizen of birth.

Generally speaking, therefore, every person born in this country acquires citizenship, whether he wants it or not, regardless of the nationality of his parents. The nat-



Arthur E. Cook

uralization laws of this country also give American citizenship to every child of an American citizen born abroad while the mother may be temporarily in some foreign country. Some other countries give the same right of citizenship to the children of their nationals who are born while the mother is temporarily abroad. Consequently, in our laws the United States recognizes a dual-nationality, while everywhere the officers of this Government deplore it. In other words, we give, or if you wish to put it that way, force citizenship upon every person born in the United States and at the same time recognize the right of a child to citizenship other than of the country in which it is born. Japan, for instance, gives the same right to its citizens who have citizen children born in the United States that the United States gives to her nationals who have children born in Japan, but according to the Constitution of the United States a Japanese child born in the United States is an American citizen

and under the laws of Japan it is also a citizen of Japan.

We quote with approval that verse of scripture, "no man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." But this dual-nationality does in fact exist. If only some of these persons who can claim two nationalities were in a position to give one of them to some unfortunate individual who has no nationality, things could be evened up a bit, but that is not possible. In a situation such as this, occasion does arise where the person must elect one nationality and discard the other. As to persons who are American citizens by birth and another nationality because their parents were in the United States temporarily, it is held that some affirmative action must be taken in order to deprive one of American nationality. Though the child may be taken to the country of its parents when only a few days old and continue to reside there the balance of its life, it is always an American citizen unless some definite action of expatriation is taken. Of course if that person takes an oath of allegiance to the other country then it expatriates itself and loses American nationality, but if it merely continues to reside abroad it never loses it.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which defines citizenship by birth, also designates as citizens of the United States and of the State in which they reside, all persons who are naturalized in this country. The requirement as to naturalization is not laid down in the Constitution but that document gives the right to Congress "To establish an uniform rule of naturalization." Apparently, therefore, Congress has no right to grant an individual act of naturalization or to confer citizenship, especially, for some meritorious service or other reason, upon one whom they believe to be deserving, but must make a rule which is generally applicable to certain classes. The present law limits the right to naturalization to persons of the white race and persons of African nativity and descent. The reason that the African race was included is, of course, because of the large number of persons of that race in the United States as the result of the early slave trade. All other races are exempt from naturalization, or as the term is more loosely used, are "ineligible to citizenship."

Ineligible to citizenship is a loose term because it does not mean what it says. A person of any race is eligible to citizenship because a person of any race may be born in the United States and the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution recognizes

as citizens all persons born here. At least one member of our law making body, however, has sought to change that section of the Constitution by limiting citizenship by birth to persons who are of naturalizable races.

Ineligibility to naturalization is not confined to disqualification by reason of race. Congress has from time to time passed other statutes which disqualify certain classes, including deserters from the military and naval services and draft dodgers. During the World War, and at the time that the draft legislation was being considered, a section was written into that law to permit a citizen or subject of a neutral country to be relieved from liability to military service in the draft, but if he had made a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States, he was required to withdraw such declaration and such withdrawal "shall operate and be held to cancel his declaration of intention to become an American citizen and he shall forever be debarred from becoming a citizen of the United States."

American Indians are of a race "ineligible to citizenship", but Congress has now made all United States born Indians citizens by statute. However, an American Indian born in Canada or other countries cannot become a citizen of the United States.

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To have the right to acquire a new nationality, there must be the right to lose the old one-the right of expatriation, however, is not only a right, but sometimes a circumstance which cannot conveniently be avoided. Generally, expatriation involves the taking of an oath of allegiance to another country or the performance of some act provided by the laws of one's country to be the act of expatriation. In some countries the mere leaving of it with intention to make one's home in a different land serves automatically to cancel one's citizen-There are several governments of such countries in the World today. It is not unusual for the immigration officers required by statute to enforce the deportation of certain aliens to receive official refusal of another country to receive back one of its natives on the sole ground that such person had intended when he left that land to make his permanent residence elsewhere. Another country has taken a somewhat similar and yet a very arbitrary and unjust position with regard to certain of its nationals. This country will give passports to a certain race of people within their jurisdiction and born in their territory for travel from their country but will not permit the use of that passport to return to the country. In other words, they recognize a one-way citizenship for one race of their nationals. This race, when it leaves home leaves citizenship behind and they are then a people without a country.

The loss of citizenship by serving in a foreign army is not unusual but as to United States citizens the service in such army only deprives one of such citizenship when they take oath of allegiance to that country. Right here it may be interesting to note that a United States citizen cannot lose his United States nationality for any reason whatsoever while this country is at war—even though he may endeavor to se-

cure the nationality of a neutral country. Certain foreign countries who have encouraged the enlistment of daring young American adventurers as an inducement to such enlistment have permitted them to join their armies without taking an oath of allegiance.

Generally speaking, the right to hold office under a particular government is limited to citizens of the country that government represents, but sometimes it is not possible to secure a person for particular work who is a citizen of that government. Then, of course, an alien must be employed if the work is to be done. Usually, such foreign governments require the taking of an oath of allegiance to their government even though they do not require a person to become a citizen. Many American citizens have lost their American nationality by taking such an oath of allegiance and they have not acquired any other citizenship. This has been true as to some young American girls who took positions as school teachers in isolated Canadian communities. They did not become Canadians but their oath of allegiance to the Crown deprived them of American citizenship and upon return to the United States before they can exercise right of citizenship, they must pass the immigration officials and become naturalized as would any other alien. What has been said as to the loss of American citizenship by one who was born in the United States is not true of citizens who have secured their nationality through naturalization. By the naturalization laws an alien who returns to the country of his prior nationality is presumed to lose the American nationality when he has resided two years in his previous country. A naturalized alien who under these circumstances resides five years abroad in any other country than that of his previous allegiance is presumed to have lost the newly acquired American nationality. As to whether such person acquires any other nationality when he loses his United States citizenship depends upon the laws of other countries. If their mother country receives them back as citizens then of course they have the nationality of that country but if they do not and this is particularly true of those who reside abroad in countries other than their mother country, then they just haven't any nationality unless they can overcome the presumption of expatriation which arises against their American citizenship.

So far there has been discussed only questions of independent status-that is the citizenship of an individual in his own right. There is, or was, a dependent status -and citizenship depending upon a citizenship of another as the wife of a citizen and the child of a citizen. Prior to September 22, 1922, when an alien woman married an American citizen she became a citizen of her own right if of a naturalizable race, regardless of her other qualifications for citizenship, or even as to whether she ever resided in this country. The naturalization of a man in the United States with his wife abroad carried with it the naturalization of his wife but if he had any children residing abroad they assumed and still do a still different status. If the marriage was

before the Cable Act of 1922 and the wife is residing abroad she may at any time come to the United States as an American citizen and need not pass any of the tests required of immigrants either physical or mental. Her children under twenty-one have a potential right of citizenship. If they are over twenty-one they acquire neither citizenship nor a right to it. The minor children abroad at the time of naturalization become citizens of the United States after they have been lawfully admitted to this country for permanent residence. While the mother would not have to meet any of the requirements of the immigration laws the children would, and if they were mentally or physically incapable of passing the rigid requirements of the law they could not enter the United States and would never become citizens. Of course this relates, so far as it pertains to the wife, to the naturalization of the husband before the Cable Act. The Cable Act gave to women a citizenship status separate from that of her husband and when the husband becomes naturalized no right of citizenship accrues to the wife and she must, as well as her children, meet the requirements of the immigration act when she applies for residence in the United States with her husband. Now the condition relating to citizenship is reversed. Upon admission to this country her children become citizens while she is an alien and the only member of the family who is not a citizen of the country in which she resides. It looks as though we have turned the cart around and placed the horse in backwards. The Cable Act will therefore probably serve to keep separated many families whose bread winner is in the United States just as the previous naturalization law prevents the joining of mentally defective children to their parents because of the requirements of the immigration law.

Complications have arisen in the application of the Cable Act to women in the United States which probably were never dreamed of at the time that the various women's organizations of this country had it presented for passage. While the American born girl who marries an alien in the Unitde States retains her American citizenship because she has an independent citizenship status, the American born girl who married an alien prior to the passage of that act retains her alien nationality even after the death or divorce of her husband. Under the prior law all that was necessary for such a woman to do to regain her American nationality was to continue to reside in the United States, or if abroad, make a declaration to an American Consul or return to this country for residence. It was very simple and if she were residing in this country there was nothing at all to it. Now since she has an independent status, she must become naturalized as would any other alien. The immigration laws require the deportation of certain aliens from the United States including aliens who become public charges under certain conditions. Sometimes it happens that the wife of an American citizen, the wife being an alien because she has not herself become naturalized, is subject to deportation and the grounds upon which she is deportable are

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Looking After Uncle Sam's Business Affairs

Robert Patterson Lamont, the new Secretary of Commerce, who looks after the Commercial affairs of the Nation working in close conjunction with the diplomatic and consular service

By JAMES N. HATCH

HE selection of Robert Patterson Lamont, an engineer by early training and a business executive of big business by attainment, as Secretary of Commerce in President Hoover's cabinet, comes as a very pleasing bit of news to his many friends. But it cannot fail to come as a surprise, not because of any question as to ability but because in his busy life his interests have led him so little into the field of politics. This does not mean, however, that it was a strange choice for Mr. Hoover to make when we remember how little Mr. Hoover knew of politics before the World's War. It was not politics, as that word is generally used, that put him into the presidential chair and, if we can read the handwriting on the wall, it is not politics that is guiding him in the selection of his advisors and assistants.

"Bob" Lamont was chosen for his place in the cabinet because President Hoover believed he was the best available man for the position. After having served as Secretary of Commerce himself for eight years Mr. Hoover, himself an engineer, felt convinced that the work he had planned could best be carried on by an engineer.

Those of us who have watched the careers of these two men cannot but be struck by the similarity in the orbits that destiny has caused these careers to follow. Both were blessed with a meager inheritance in material wealth, but with exceptional ability and undaunted courage and untiring energy. Lamont like Hoover earned his way through college, and then also like Hoover, with only his ability and energy as assets went out into the teeming world of business and earned his first million dollars while still comparatively a young man.

Lamont spent his early boyhood days in Detroit where he obtained his preparatory training. He entered the University of Michigan in the Department of Literature, Science and the Arts with the class of 1889. At that time the courses in engineering were given in that Department. After finishing his Freshman year he decided that the best way to earn his way through college was to stay out and earn the needed money to put him through. He obtained a position with the 'Michigan Central Railroad in the Bridge Drafting Department where he was employed for two years. Lamont possessed a rare natural ability with pen and ink and in his Freshman year turned out drawings that were long retained by the University as models for other Freshmen to emulate. This ability was a great asset to him in his early work as a draftsman. During his two years with the Michigan Central Railroad he was pro-

moted to the position of chief draftsmen. He returned to the University in the Fall of 1888 and graduated with the class of 1891 with the degree of B.S. in Civil Engineering. He has since had the degree of A.M. conferred on him by his Alma Mater. It was not long after his return, that owing



Hon. Robert Patterson Lamont U. S. Secretary of Commerce

to his practical experience as a draftsman and also to the beautiful drawings he could turn out that his services were in demand by the Faculty and Regents when architectural sketches were wanted of proposed new buildings or additions. He would often have three or four of us underclassmen at his rooms until the small hours of the night getting out a set of drawings ready for some special meeting of the Faculty.

"Dan" Lamont the nickname he bore in college, after Daniel S. Lamont then Secretary of War in Cleveland's cabinet, was always looked upon as one of the outstanding students on the campus, without any apparent aggressive effort on his part. Something was always occurring to project him into the foreground. Not long after his return to college the Michigan Central Railroad was sending out a number of their officials on an inspection trip through the West. To the amazement of the rest of us Lamont was invited to go along in the private car as their guest or it might have been as engineering secretary. This added greatly to his reputation on the campus. Shortly after this he was made assistant to

the Professor of Drawing in which capacity he served until graduation.

As a final tribute he was elected President of the Senior class of the Department of Literature Science and the Arts. This was a distinction not often allotted to an engineering student and the solid engineering vote did its part in electing him.

After graduation he readily obtained a position in the designing department of the Chicago World's Fair at a salary of \$175 per month which to the rest of us who were starting out at \$60 or \$70 per month seemed almost unbelievable. After the completion of the World's Fair work he became secretary and engineer in the contracting firm of Shailer & Schniglau of Chicago where he was for several years. After that he was made 1st vice-president of the Simplex Railway Appliance Com-When that company was merged into the American Steel Foundries Company he was swept along with the tide into an executive position with that company. He has been president of the American Steel Foundries since 1912.

Lamont has made several substantial gifts to the Astronomical Department of the University by which there has been established branch Observatories in South America and in South Africa. His latest large gift was of the great 27-inch refracting telescope to be placed in the new Observatory at Bloemfontain, South Africa for a double star survey of the southern

He is on the Board of Directors of a large number of Chicago's great corporations and has become a big business man in

big business town.

When he took up his work at the Department of Commerce, Secretary Lamont continued as if it were only another incident in his busy life and another job to do. He made a few geometrical designs on the blotter in front of him and the wrinkle in his forehead deepened as he concentrated on a list of the pressing problems on the daily schedule. The proportions of an undertaking, large or small, do not disturb him in seeking the essentials that will work out an equation. New plans for a vigorous policy among the commercial attaches at all legations and embassies were being discussed, as Secretary Lamont is first of all a business man and realizes that there must be sales if a full measure of production is to be maintained to stabilize healthful and prosperous business conditions. He is the sort of director on the board who really directs. More than this, he is just the sort of a man who knows how to make the minutes count in a conference with his chief.

Leader of Dr. Cadman's Radio Choir

The music that is heard with the stirring sermons of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman every Sunday is directed by William A. Thayer who as a boy heard the magic voice of Ralph Waldo Emerson

HE wonders of Radio were first deeply impressed upon me when I heard Dr. S. Parkes Cadman at the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn answering questions at a gatling-gun pace. Coincident with this was the music which carried with it the atmosphere of a real religious service, so much so that listening in on the Radio I was impelled to arise thereafter thousands of miles away and sing the songs and bow my head when the Benediction was pronounced.

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The work of Dr. Cadman on the radio has been as far-reaching as the winds that blow. In these later days to sit in the studio and hear him is an event; but it is also a great privilege to hear the Cathedral Choir and see them face to face. The leader of that choir is William Armour Thayer. He is Brooklyn-born and bred and naturally takes to the atmosphere of the City of Churches, made famous by Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Thayer's father came from Concord, Mass., and was a friend and neighbor of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

His mother, a good American brought up in the English tradition, while forwardlooking for her children, also kept them partly in the best ways of the old school. Here was one whose boyhood days sped during the years where hot-air furnaces with registers in floor or possibly side



William Armour Thayer
Leader of Dr. Cadman's Radio Cathedral
Choir

wall regulated the warmth of the family mansion. But this boy's mother had no faith in such contraptions. She "could not bring her boys up around a hole in the floor" and so in the library of her house stood the stove of older times. Many sheets of mica let forth the light of the glowing coals—polished nickel intensified the glow and many a night after concert or theatre the Thayer children returned home to find hot chocolate and sandwiches, or maybe a chafing-dish filled with something hot and savory which they ate while toasting cold toes on the fenders of this really beautiful, glowing base-burner.

The old stove, polished and beautiful, still moved on with its brass coal hod, long after this century had become established, when the stove itself was probably the last one of its kind in any drawing room in Brooklyn and the gas logs that took its place never seemed to have the generous hearty welcoming glow nor the beckoning warmth of the shining stove. From this perhaps, as well as other influences in that boyhood home came the spirit of generous warmth that has always flamed in the heart of this good man. The true spirit of helpfulness that will make him burn his own fuel to warm his friend-the generosity which will always give of his goods to whoever has need, and the loving heart which will always give a smile and a lift to anyone along his path—these are the qualities which have brought him friends.

With these personal qualities his outstanding ones how could his music be other than it is. Sincere, warm, generous and thorough going, simple as the bird's song and as true. Nothing of imitation anywhere-of all things at all times this man must be absolutely himself. To attempt anything else is so far from his ability that one must smile at the thought. His perspective is not quite that of the present-day success hunter. He works as those in the elder days of art. The smallest task is given the most loving and patient service and is done with all the importance of a huge one. As a consequence, being so well practiced in thoroughness, any rehearsals which he conducts accomplish the greatest maximum of work with the minimum of effort. And of rehearsals he held not a few. He is professor of music in Adelphi College of Brooklyn and Garden City, where he has given one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas each year to a most interested and appreciative au-

Church choir work has claimed him since his boyhood years. Just now he is at Emmanuel Baptist Church in Brooklyn. His first choir work was in his own



Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

church, St. James Episcopal, where he played the organ and trained the choir for twenty-two years. He has had various choruses here and there and training bodies of singers is the work he most loves to do. His most important work in that line is conducting the Brooklyn Apollo Club—of which club he has been a member for years, and which has lately had with it a loyalty and affection which blesses him who gives and him who takes.

Mr. Thayer's warm and happy nature can but return his loyal service and love and the result is a quality of concert which is a credit to Brooklyn and a complete satisfaction to the choristers and their audiences.

Mr. Thayer has just taken on the Southampton Choral Society for their spring concert. He is no stranger to Southampton and one hears that the membership of

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The Making of That Little Lump of Sugar

A graphic illustration of the details in supplying the sweet tooth of Uncle Sam, revealed in the exhaustive and interesting Report of Earl Babst, Chairman of the Board of the American Sugar Refining Company

FTER addressing the student body of the Boston University Business College some years ago, I was told by a young student at that time that he had found the annual reports of large corporations veritable text-books. Well do I remember his words, as he commented with all the enthusiasm of youth, "There is something practical, something that seems like the real thing, when you take up an annual report and study it as you would a text-book. I have just been reading an annual report by Earl D. Babst of the American Sugar Refining Company and it gave me more vital information concerning an industry that concerned every man, woman and child in the United States, for they all consume sugar.'

Since that time this young man has become an executive himself, and his tribute to Mr. Babst was recalled when I read the thirty-eighth Annual Report, which contained comparative statements on uniform basis and was altogether a sweeping review of the industry. There were charts showing the progress that was made in 1928 towards stability but at a lower level of prices. The fluctuations were vividly portrayed, revealing one hundred and one changes in prices during the past year, with a width of fluctuations of 0.875 cents a pound against 3.375 in 1923. Bridging the chasm of sharp fluctuations has been one of the problems in the sugar industry.

Another graphic chart covering a period of twenty-seven years shows the contrast of conditions in the sugar industry under government control, either by United States or Cuba, and the influence of "de-control" which prevailed at times during this period in 1920 and 1921, and which was particularly disastrous. The income statement records nearly 1,217,336 tons of raw sugar refined at a profit of about 1/4 of a cent per pound after providing for taxes, but before providing for depreciation, leaving the income of the company from all sources a little over nine and a half million dollars round figures. The wholesome action of Cuba in abandoning its restrictions of the crop effected but little change in the fundamentals of the sugar industry during this year; but the duties and taxes throughout the world, with frequent changes, resulted in tariff barriers that occasioned great confusion in international trade in sugar which vitally affected Cuba.

With the consent of the Cuban government the company operated at Central Jaronu, the third tandem of milling equipment which was completed last year. The report contains a very striking picture of this factory and modern industrial com-

munity, located on a plantation of five hundred and twenty-five square miles, owned by a subsidiary of the American Sugar Refining Company. This is altogether one of the largest projects ever undertaken in Cuba, the great sugar-producing country of the world. There are fifteen hundred people living in this batey or town that constitutes a model industrial community, with houses built of tile and concrete, stores,



Earl D. Babst

hospital, club-rooms, comforts and conveniences looking towards ideal conditions for the workers. This is the centre of a district where twenty thousand people are employed on the surrounding farms and plantations. It is altogether a most impressive change from the conditions that prevailed in the old days in the sugar industry.

The summary of the work in industrial relations, including first-aid, sick and injury benefits, pension plan, and group insurance, leads Mr. Babst to a conclusion that tells the story concisely, and shows how his executive machinery is in direct contact with the smallest grocer selling sugar, as well as the consumers at large.

"The sugar industry continues to face un-

certain conditions. It continues to be affected by its war effort. With present low prices, however, it is reasonable to expect a halt in the rapid growth of production and an increase of consumption. Should there be no further governmental interferences, there is reason to expect a healthy slow recovery of the industry in all its branches commensurate with the increase

in consumption.

"Your company is in better position than for many years to share in an improvement in the industry. Its goodwill with the distributing trade and with the consuming public has never been more secure. Its package business was larger in 1928 than in any previous year. We continue to mention our Domino and Franklin package sugars for the purpose of inviting the stockholders of the Company, nearly onehalf of whom are women, to join the Management in advancing this feature of the Including stockholders, bondholders and domestic payroll organization, there are over 40,000 people in the American Sugar Family each of whom is personally interested in seeing that the grocers carry the package line of the Company. A letter to the President, in case of necessity, will secure the immediate cooperation of the Management in any instance where a grocer is unable to obtain our package prod-

"The organization, both domestic and foreign, has devoted itself, unremittingly, to the activities of the Company with an energy and loyalty that merits grateful ac-

knowledgment."

Sugar production of the world is given in tables and charts revealing the comparison between the wholesale price of sugar and the average price of milk, eggs, bread and potatoes, covering a period of twenty-eight years. Granulated sugar, with 321 calories, is revealed on another chart as showing a food value for one cent that is far beyond that of potatoes, prunes, bread, milk, butter, eggs and fowl. With all the lucidity of a school geography, a comparison of the sources of sugar consumed in the United States is given at a glance, as well as a map showing the location of the beet and cane sugar factories and cane sugar refineries in the United States. An interesting table for legislators to study is the two pages devoted to the tariff changes of the last ten years, together with a comparison of salient sugar statistics of the United States which are based upon United States Government

A digest of the bills introduced into Congress affecting the sugar industry for the past fourteen years portrays the source of

the uncertainties that exist bearing upon the price of sugar to the consumer. The summary of Cuban legislation on the subject is equally extensive in comparison. Mr. Babst in a statement to the Associated Press, within a few months, that was read with much interest by the householders, revealed where the sugar money goes.

"A nickel recently bought a pound of granulated sugar of which roundly the Cuban production got 2c, U.S. refining 1c, and the U. S. Treasury 2c. If, however, under our fiscal system the sugar comes from Hawaii, the Philippines, or Porto Rico, the Treasury collects no toll and the Treasury portion of 2c goes to those producers, and hence their high prosperity. Higher costs and climatic handicaps do not bring a comparable return to the domestic beet and Louisiana producers. Domestic sugar refiners will probably make a better showing than the inadequate returns of last year, largely by reason of abandoning costly trade practises and adopting open price terms.

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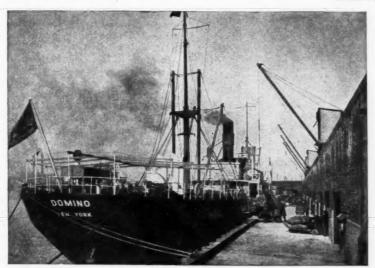
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Automatic Weighing of Domino Granulated Sugar into cartons and cotton bags at the Baltimore Refinery



One of the Company's Fleet of Cargo Ships. Unloading raw sugar from Centrals Cunagua and Jaronu at the new warehouse of the Brooklyn Refinery

which has all but one-half of one per cent of its stockholders American citizens, with an average holding of forty shares.

A number of pages in the report is devoted to extracts from United States and foreign reviews on the subject of sugar, annotated with ringing slogans, such as: "The food that's sweet is hard to beat," or "A bit of sweet makes the meal complete." The tremendous increase in the use of sugar has compelled other industries to battle against the growing and compelling taste for sweets, but the fact remains that the sweet tooth in America is associated with the increasing energizing force of the people. Despite the myriad of new uses of sugar, every day seems to bring about something new along this line,

The report is well illustrated from photographs showing the various processes in the refining and preparing of the omnipresent Crystal Domino for the market. One of the company's fleet of cargo ships that brings the raw sugar from Centrals Cunagua and

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With such low prices it is reasonable to expect a halt in the rapid growth of production and an increase of consumption. Should there be no more governmental interferences, this would be an economic probability. The sugar industry in a free market could expect a healthy, slow recovery, and investors in all fields could be sure of a reasonable return."

As president of the Sugar Institute, Mr. Babst is heading a movement, insisting that sugar should be sold on open and published prices and terms and on a basis of a sound ethical code between buyers. The work of this Institute involves placing before the country the economic and dietetic value of sugar as approved by eminent medical au-The associated industries and thorities. supply houses aggregate sales of upwards of ten billion dollars. This ten billion group of food industries includes principal lines of manufacture directly interested in the consumption of sugar. The radio has been used in the exploitation of their products of the American Sugar Refining Company,



Crystal Domino Tablets being machine cut and packed at the Chalmette Refinery

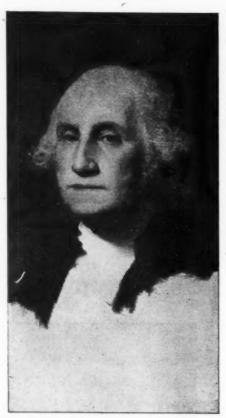
Mystic Paintings of George Washington

President Grant advocated a portrait of Washington in every public school as a means of healing the wounds of the Civil War upon returning from his tour around the world

By CASSIE MONCURE LYNE

I Thas been said that if George Washington came back to earth and did not look like Stuart's portrait, he would have to prove an alibi. Among Stuart's papers was found a list of the portraits of President Washington, for which he had received orders; the date is April 20, 1795. If he ever finished this work, the question arises, What became of them? Stuart made many copies of what is known as the "Atheneum Head of Washington"—showing left side of the face, painted in 1796. Of the Vaughan type (right side of head) only six portraits were made—date 1795. In 1796 Stuart painted the Lansdowne portrait of Washington.

Charles Wilson Beale, however, was the finest artist in America at the close of the Revolution. He had visited London, but did not follow the example of West and Sully by remaining, but returned to America and fought in the battles of Trenton and Germantown. He painted fourteen portraits of Washington, one of which is taken of the Father of Our Country late in life and considered a truer picture than any of the Stuart likenesses. It belongs to Herbert Pratt of New York, who owns many of the finest portraits in the United States. Yet Gilbert Stuart holds the popular fancy as the country likes to recall the first President. Yet, of all the artists who painted General Washington, it must be admitted that Turnbull's was the most loving brush; and his work in perpetuating other historic scenes, besides the Surrender at Yorktown, are too well known to need recalling here. But the question often arises if the picture of Mary Ball, as shown on all certificates of membership of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, is a fancy sketch? It is not -but was painted from life by the artist Middleton, and this portrait and the pictures of Martha and General Washington by Sharples, have a curious and peculiar history. Such was the love of Washington for his mother that he took her portrait with him to Philadelphia; but as it was hauled in a wagon, a post of a teaster bed stuck through the canvas and so mutilated it that Washington had it hung in his own bedroom and enjoyed it for the pleasure it gave him, since it was too battered to exhibit. He intended sending the picture to England for repairs; Mother Washington then passed away, it was the only likeness her son owned, but his demise followed before this was done, so that later this picture and the Sharples pictures of him and Martha were all taken to England for retouching. However, Martha Washington also died, and nobody remembered to have the three pictures returned; so they remained in England until on the visit of General U.S. Grant around the world, he heard of them. Then, Grant declared that not only would he bring them back to the United States, but that as George Washington was the "Father of Our Country"—copies must be made and a portrait of Washington placed in every public school in America. He felt this would do much to cement the sections and make the younger generation forget the Civil War; and that they should grow up with a realization of what was due to Washington, the great Virginian, the Southerner, the American, who had commanded the Continental Army.



Stuart's Unfinished Portrait of Washington

This was a wise step in the great man of common sense, who always loved the South; for the picture of Washington brought forth the repetition of his eulogy—"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—which Light Horse Harry Lee had composed, but which Chief Justice Marshall read as the funeral oration over the "Gentleman of Mt. Vernon." This Lee was the father of General Robert E. Lee, than for whom no man entertained a more profound respect than did Ulysses S. Grant, who had treated the Hero in Gray with all courtesy at Appomattox.

The Washington family was associated in England with the Fairfaxes and Harrisons before ever coming to America, and the story of Sulgrave is familiar to the people of Virginia and will ever be, since the generosity of the Weddells has literally brought the mountain to Mahomet, in giving a replica of Sulgrave as a home for the Virginia Historical Society-which, though transplanted to Richmond, comes from old England, being built of material of the same period as Sulgrave, so that its antiquity is genuine-for it was part of an old monastery that had been torn down, which Mr. Weddell secured when it was offered on the market for sale. Mr. Weddell himself is a son of the late beloved Dr. Weddell of St. John's Church, Richmond, memorable for its associations with Patrick Henry's speech for "liberty or death." Hence he was reared in an atmosphere which nurtured the love of Virginia history, and there again shows the emphasis of Virginia on her churches-for what would Richmond be without St. John's, the Monumental, and St. Paul's? What would Petersburg be without old Blanford?-what would Norfolk be without her landmark, St. Paul's Church as her House of God?-so that, the "faith of our fathers" is the bulwark of hope of our future. And the Washington family set the example. In Selby Abbey, England, which is in

Yorkshire, there is a memorial window to the Washington family. How it came there is lost in the chronicles of time, but we came to know of it due to an American aviator who flew near the old Abbey in the World War and espied, there in the highest loft, almost a fac simile of George Washington's book-plate and the very design which gave Betsy Ross her idea to make the American flag. Selby Abbey is in Yorkshire, where the Washingtons lived. It is the finest blending of Norman-Gothic architecture in the world. Its buttressed walls, mullions, massive proportions and beauty of nave and rood screen, would draw tourists from all over the world; but the Washington memorial window is so high up, despite its rich gules and argent, it remained for the American aviator to point it out-where, ever since, it has attracted great attention.

Near Selby Abbey is the village of Northampton, where a Laurence Washington was once Mayor; and also Scrooby, whence the Pilgrim Fathers came, who brought the word "Northampton" to New England, where it is associated now with Ex-President Coolidge, but formerly with Moody's Bible School. The Abbey was built shortly after the days of William the Conqueror, and its history, in Latin, is housed in the British Museum; but no mention is made in it to the Washingtons as builders of the cathedral, so that the window

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"Our Jim" A—Biography

Some new chapters concerning the stirring adventuresome early career of Hon. James J. Davis,
Secretary of Labor in the Cabinets of three Presidents—Harding,
Coolidge and Hoover

From the book "Our Jim" by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN a man gets a new job, the first thing he has to do is to get acquainted with it. He has to just what his employer expects, whether he is fitted for the job, and just what he must do to keep it." This was Jim Davis's statement when his appointment was announced. Davis had been in Washington many times prior to March, 1921, and in a general way he knew, or thought he knew, something about our great government and the machinery with which it is run. When, however, the Chief Clerk of the Department of Labor had read the oath of office, to which he subscribed. he was not fully prepared for what was before him. That is, he did not look for such an inspiring beginning as was presented when the words "I do" left his lips.

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The oath impressed him. As City Clerk in the little town of Elwood, Indiana, and as County Recorder of Madison County, at Anderson, Indiana, he had given, as well as taken oaths not dissimilar to that to which he subscribed on March 5, 1921, but this one was indelibly written upon his mind. It was his first Federal office, and being of foreign birth, it was the highest office for which he could qualify. It seems most appropriate to record here the oath in detail:

"I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter: So help me God."

"Mr. Secretary," said the Chief Clerk,—after the usual period given over to reception, handshaking and tributes of flowers,—"if you will now come with me, you will find some work waiting for you." With these words he took his seat before a huge glass-topped desk in the center of a large room. Seated, he couldn't survey the room because of the mountain of papers and files stacked up before him. There were hundreds, and it even looked like thousands, of documents barricading the desk.

"What are these?" he asked.

"They are papers requiring your signature," was the reply.

"What kind of papers?"

"Mostly decisions in immigration matters, but a few deeds, contracts, appointments, reports, and other miscellaneous matters." The answer was made casually, but its meaning had deep import to the new Secretary. He began with the pile nearest him and turned over the papers one by one. He did not feel that he could conscientiously put his signature to documents when he knew nothing of their contents. There arose in his mind the picture of some poor immigrant waiting at a port to be admitted to developing the welfare of the wage earners of the United States, improving their working conditions, and advancing their opportunities for profitable employment. He has power under the law to act as mediator and to appoint commissioners of conciliation in labor disputes whenever in his judgment



Mrs. James J. Davis and Daughters, Jean, Jane, Joan and Jewell

this land of promise whose fate and future rested upon the few words that were over a dotted line on one of the files before him. And so he quickly cleared the desk.

"Take them back," he said. "Have them re-dated and send them to me in appropriate groups by the officer who prepared them. I want everything explained to me, and I'll give no orders nor make any decisions until I am convinced that it is right."

When, during the course of the next few days, these papers were again brought before him, and he had an opportunity to examine the merits of each matter carefully, he saw that he had done wisely in deferring action on some of the cases until time permitted a personal review; this was disclosed in later developments.

In the meantime he had to give thought to the wide scope of duties imposed by law upon the Secretary of Labor. Not yet thoroughly familiar with the functions of the several bureaus which made up the Department of Labor, it was already incumbent upon him to name the directing heads, and to appoint certain administrative officers.

The Secretary of Labor is charged by law with the duty of fostering, promoting, and

the interests of industrial peace may require it to be done. He has authority to direct the collecting and collating of full, complete statistics of the conditions of labor, the products and distribution of the products of the same, and to call upon other departments of the Government for statistical data and results obtained by them, and to collate, arrange and publish such statistical information so obtained in such manner as to him may seem wise. His duties also comprise the gathering and publication of information regarding labor interests and labor controversies in this and other countries; the supervision of the immigration of aliens, and the enforcement of the laws relating thereto, and to the exclusion of Chinese; the direction of the administration of the naturalization laws: the direction of the work of investigation of all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life and to cause to be published such results of these investigations as he may deem wise and appropriate.

The Department of Labor is divided into administrative units consisting of the Office of the Secretary, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Bureau of Immigration, the Children's Bureau, the Bureau of Natural-

ization, and the Women's Bureau.

The Office of the Secretary is not only the administrative division of the Department, but includes also the services directly under his supervision, known as the United States Conciliation Service, the United States Employment Service, and the Bureau of Industrial Housing and Transportation.

Each of the statutory bureaus and divisions of the Department pursues a definite, clear-cut line of service in the purpose of fostering the welfare of the wage earner.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics keeps the finger of the department upon the pulse of labor demand and supply, compiles the vast amount of information that is vital to intelligent administration, and keeps the wage earner and the public generally informed as to employment, wages, working conditions, and cost of living.

The Bureau of Immigration guards the gates of the nation and sees that aliens coming to America fit the standard fixed by our laws as proper for the preservation of American liberty and progress.

The Bureau of Naturalization undertakes to turn the aliens who come to us into liberty-loving, self-respecting citizens entitled to take their place with our great group of citizens.

The Women's Bureau and the Children's Bureau work for the betterment of women and children in industry and among the wage earners.

The United States Conciliation Service seeks to avert and settle industrial disputes and to foster the spirit of good will between worker and employer.

The Employment Service functions to direct idle wage earners to profitable employment, and it has developed a nation-wide organization that seeks to bring together and keep together the workman and the job.

In all its activities the Department of Labor deals with human beings, and in the Federal Vocational Bureau, of which the Secretary is ex-officio chairman, touches the care of citizens by rehabilitating those injured or incapacitated by industrial accident. It has to do with men and women and children in their human relationships, keeping in touch with the intimate home life of the great bulk of our people.

It required little time for Davis to realize that the Office of Secretary of Labor was no sinecure, but he could see that the department which he was to administer provided oportunity for real accomplishment, and he realized that with the co-operation of the people whom it serves, it would help to bring to American industry and American wage earners the spirit of mutual and self-help that unites the interests of worker and employer, and it would bring them to gether hand in hand on the highway to achievement, making for a better America for all Americans.

It has been truthfully said that when we are prepared, we go forward and the most that should concern us is our preparation. All unconsciously, Jim Davis had been preparing for just such a position as the one to which he was appointed. His innate love for his fellow-man, his almost uncanny intuition regarding human life, his instantaneous response to the hardships of others and his understanding of labor interests

through actual service, had all trained the mature man to meet the exigencies of office. In the midst of perplexities, he was able to stand poised and calm, because he knew the threads that would ravel the obstinate knot; his was the genius of common sense, and this he applied, making his decisions trustworthy and unassailable.

HROUGH all ages the most sacred and reverential sentiment of the world has been cherished for the mother and the child. We are a living part of the great family of humankind. Opinion and belief may differ in minor things, but we must have one common meeting ground—a belief in the unity of man; and so it is to all men of whatever creed the mother and child are held sacred.

One could not have a higher reverence for mother love and mother protection, nor a deeper tenderness and solicitude for children than has been evidenced in the busy life of Jim Davis; but few men have been permitted to prove that so conclusively, to give such a positive demonstration of that love which he has been privileged to organize at Mooseheart, the City of Childhood.

Always in his heart the man carried a vision, a beloved ideal that beckoned, which persisted through all the hurried, anxious years of young manhood and through all the turbulent years of politics, when on every side he rubbed shoulders with many men of large and small visions and when experiences on every hand might have tempted him to forget his purpose. A steadfast nature, he never relinquished his intention and at last his idea materialized in his inception and founding of a home for the widows and children of members of Moose Lodge-not an institution for mere shelter, but a real home where the fatherless would receive the same tender care that true parents desire to give them. It is a sacred spot where childhood is nurtured and where tender, susceptible minds are allowed to expand in the sunlight of loving protection and where orphans find no lack in their lives, where they are properly fed and clothed while they are taught, directed, and spiritually developed. It is quite possible that experiences in his own childhood engendered the idea of helping others. While his home was humble enough, there dwelt the peace of family affection-a bond of protection over the heads of the children. He realized that without that he would have been poor indeed. And so his heart went out to the less fortunate, who had not even love to brighten the way.

When I first met Jim Davis he was aglow with dreams of his enterprise and eager to awaken interest in the project among his Moose associates. There was never a more inspired philanthropist and it was his own enthusiasm that made the realization possible. An orderly thinker, he set about the work of organization in an orderly way, never sparing himself and always confident that his vision would become a tangible and perfected accomplishment

At the Baltimore Convention in 1910 the Loyal Order of Moose delegates unanimously endorsed the Mooseheart idea with an outburst of enthusiasm. The following year Jim Davis spent 300 successive nights on sleeping cars, traveling nearly 75,000 miles, organizing, initiating, and enthusing new lodges of the Loyal Order of Moose. The idea crystallized while he was at work among the membershipgoing full speed ahead. His office at the headquarters, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was a buzzing hive of industry. In the corner of his room, snug by his desk. was his valise "ever-packed" for a trip anywhere or everywhere, filled with data and material, including even the regalia necessary for an initiation ceremony. Some of his friends grimly remarked that he was duly and truly prepared to make a flying trip to the moon, if necessary, and organize a lodge of Moose. The minutes were measured when he returned home a few hours to prepare for another trip. He did not linger long enough for me to interview him concerning the history of his growing organization. There were many troubles to straighten out, and once in a while a man or a lodge would go wrong and require the exercise of his supreme patience and clear, cool-thinking mind.

One day I was pushed into his office by his alert assistant, Fred Jones. Then and there Jim Davis told me the story of "Mooseheart in the making." It was a vivid picture portrayed in words. There was not the slightest indication of false sympathy in his recital of how much Mooseheart meant to workingmen generally, and especially the members of his organization.

With a ritual that fired the best impulses of men in the lodge room, read as only Jim Davis could read it, eyes flashing, he envisioned a glorified picture of the great school and farm nestling on the fertile banks of the Fox River, not far from Chicago. Located in the very heart of the continent, he conceived Mooseheart as a home ideal for the widows and orphans of departed brothers.

The Committee had looked far and near before they decided on the location, visiting nearly every section of the country, but this healthful and beautiful spot in the state from whence came Lincoln, was selected because it was of easy access for the increasing number of Moose lodges scattered in all parts of the country.

Mooseheart is more than fields and farms. It is a home where the little ones are early and constantly trained in useful arts and handicrafts; taught to make brick, fashion boards and build; to write the story and print the book; to know the theory and then the practice that leads on to a useful and happy life and a manhood and womanhood fulfilling the dreams of the departed father for his own.

It is like a friend who responds in the hour of grief, the dark hour of bereavement, when the little family gathers to face the future without father. The sacred ties of home life are never broken here; mother and children are together nurtured in this supreme expression of sympathy and love.

With his reverence for family life and love, Mr. Davis has always emphasized the fact that in the City of Childhood children must not be separated from their mothers. It has never been done and it never will be; brothers and sisters are still safe under the ties of family. This policy does not interfere with a community spirit nor the cohesion of school life. In this small world of childhood—a world within itself—contact with each other in the school life teaches control, team work, tolerance and the joy of work, but along with that, every child who is blessed with a mother is never separated from her love and care.

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Agriculture is the saving of a country and those who founded Mooseheart did so with the intention of imparting to the child the first general knowledge of that subject and of instilling into him a love for nature and growing things. Consequently, just such a spot as Mooseheart appealed to the management. Its thousand acres are the playground of the children.

When the Moose committee met to consider what form of education was most desirable, Secretary Davis said, "The world is supplied with teachers. Handwork will make the country rich, mouth work will make it poor. The first law of civilization is labor, and labor is the giver of all things." And so a vocational education is given at Mooseheart.

When a boy has left the kindergarten and starts in the primary grade, he mixes with his studies the first steps in agriculture. First he plants a garden and tends it. He is taught to raise chickens and later on learns dairying and the handling of horses. The older student gets a knowledge of trades and may select any one mechanical branch which interests him and in which he may specialize. The usual grammar and high school courses are taught to all the children. The girls and boys have brass bands and orchestras.

Learning comes easy in Mooseheart. All the conditions of food, sleep, general health are made perfect and a child develops normally. With nothing distressing with which to contend, with faculties of eyesight and hearing never neglected, as most often happen in an impoverished family, the children have no obstacles to progress.

Secretary Davis once said, "Mooseheart is a farm, a school and a town. Every boy and girl will encounter at Mooseheart every problem that comes up in the wider world, and he will be given the knowledge and self-control that will help to solve them."

Protected against the ravages of poverty and loneliness, they are guided to a threshold that ever radiates the spirit of domestic affection, which enthrones the mother and provides the maternal instinct that means so much to childhood. Every blade of grass, whispering leaf, rustling grain, in all seasons, at all times, every vista of this haven of childhood with mothers, bids welcome.

Here Mother Mooseheart is crooning the melody of a song that ever reaches the heart universal—a consolation to broken

hearts, an inspiration to living happiness following the requiem of departed brothers. The refrain heralds the dawn of hope, when we hear the words repeated in loving tones and melody—"Home, home—sweet, sweet home!"

With echoes of this home song coming to me from one of the little clusters of houses, I found myself at Mooseheart in mid-March when the blustery winds were blowing. Even mud and snow could not submerge, but rather enhanced the natural beauty of the place. I can never forget my romp about the fields with the boys and girls in the center of this spot of rural charms, where a veritable city had risen as if by magic, with none of the stifling spirit of greed. The old Brookline farmhouse "by the side of the river" no longer isolated in the stillness of the fields, was now a landmark amidst a throbbing, living, pulsating life of Youth. where thousands of children have laughed, played, worked and lived in the full measured sense of the word. In the tour of the building at Industrial Hall naturally I visited the printery and there saw boys struggling with the same problems I met in my "printer devil" days. The machine shop, piggery, poultry house and barns all had special points of interest for the children. I saw "Pinky" and all the other pets the children had grown to love. Then I saw them gliding over the glare of ice on the lake, as in summer I had visited with them at the old swimming "hole." At the nursery the boys showed me how baby trees were started, and now my memorial at Mooseheart is in the form of a tiny oak.

Here the scroll of human nature was unfolded, where children naturally and objectively learn to love those things worth while in life. In the senior assembly at five o'clock in the afternoon, I found the boys and girls passing on the demerits reported. One little fellow was defending himself like a veteran lawyer. The brass band played "Stars and Stripes Forever." There were trumpeting trombones, shrieking clarinets, a crash of cornets, and beating of the drums that was soul-stirring and brought me back to the time when I was a member of a village cornet band.

Altogether it was a vision of an embryo republic. After the allegiance to the flag and singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," the boys and girls moved to adjourn, with more dignity than the United States Senate. It is truly a boys' and girls' school in the truest sense of the word, where they are taught initiative, and permitted to develop all the virility and red-blooded energy that is within them.

Here is a place with municipal equipment for a city of five thousand: water, sewers and walks, all located on what was formerly a farm. The cement works, which furnishes the material for the buildings, produce the finest cement block in the world, which resemble the granite of the eternal hills brought out of the bosom of this beautiful valley by the magic genius of man. These stately cement lamp posts outlining the grounds in the form of a heart were given the name of the various states or provinces, having

the boys or girls represented in the roll-call.

In the Mooseheart Endowment Fund Secretary Davis is raising a ten-million-dollar endowment fund for Mooseheart. When he started to raise this fund, he began by having every member present at a lodge meeting contribute at least a penny to the fund in what is known in the Moose lodge as the Penny Collection. In the course of a few short years, this fund has grown until it is now past the half-million-dollar mark. Of course, most members give more than a penny.

At nine o'clock each evening, wherever Moose are gathered, in the name of the order, they observe what is called the Nine O'Clock Ceremony. At that hour the children at Mooseheart are offering their prayers to the Supreme Dictator of the Universe, and the men in the darkened lodge room turn towards Mooseheart and join them in silent prayer for a moment at that hour. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the members repeat in unison with the Dictator these words: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. God bless Mooseheart."

From the minutes of the 1927 Convention I found a jewel. It was not scheduled for the program, but were remarks made by John C. Meikle, a graduate of Mooseheart, and who paid a most eloquent tribute to the City of Childhood, but more than that, he had repaid dollar for dollar the money loaned him by the Alumni Association for his post-graduate work. Then he figured out what Mooseheart had expended on him and paid it back in fulldollar for dollar. What other institution has a better record of gratitude and appreciation than this? No wonder that he is now private secretary to a member of the President's Cabinet, and a young man of great promise in his chosen work. Following is a summary of his remarks:

"I was a Scotchman by chance, but I am an American by choice. I have very hazy recollections of my life over there. I do know that when I was about four years old my mother died, father came to this country, and traveled all the way to New Mexico to set up another home, but it was only a few short years before he, too, was taken away.

"I was about thirteen at the time, and was headed for a job in the coal mines, when one of my neighbors said to me, 'Young man, would you like to go to Mooseheart?" That sounded better than the coal mines, and I said 'yes.' But I was not very enthusiastic about it. However, my application went in, and after a few months was finally accepted, and I was on my way. That was in 1914. In 1917 the World War came along, and I thought I was a pretty big man, along with several other young chaps out there. We laid aside our books and away we marched to the war—twenty-seven of us.

"During the next two years I had time to do considerable thinking. I looked back on the time spent at Mooseheart, and wanted to return when the war was over. I got in touch with Director General Davis and he said, 'By all means come back.'

Continued on page 377

Walls of the Old Waldorf Must Crumble

Famous hostelry to make room for a forty-story skyscraper—Passing of the world-famous institution that has included Presidents, Potentates, Princes and the Pre-eminent of the past two-score years among its guests

HE announcement that the walls of the world-famed Waldorf-Astoria must crumble to make way for a forty-story skyscraper, occasioned what might be termed an incipient "mental earthquake," marking the passing of the Waldorf. When the news was whispered in the corridors that the "Waldorf must come down" there were disconsolate faces along the long ago celebrated corridor known as "Peacock Alley." That night it seemed as if the institutional history of New York were being torn up by its very roots. As they heard the news each one looked about almost lovingly at the lines of the famed lobby redolent with historic memories of thirty-nine eventful years. Passersby who had read of it in the newspaper blazing head lines dropped in as if to enjoy one more look at a place that had been the focal centre of Gotham for over a third of a century.

Outside and inside there was something so distinctive about the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel that, although of inanimate stone and mortar, the very building seems almost human. While it was operated-to the last day, it bravely maintained its prestige as a meeting place of great, near-great, would-be-great! It is known in every section of the world-for I have heard the Waldorf mentioned in far-away Russia, the Orient, the Balkans, South America, Africa-in all countries. Again I glance upward to the old Moorish balcony and note the touch here and there of art of which one never grows weary. Down through the corridors was the handsome room that was completed especially for one night's social event-the Bradley-Martin ball-a million dollars spent to build and beautify a ballroom for the Bradleys and Martins.

Down these corridors have walked many presidents of the United States, princes and potentates by the score, kings and queens, to say nothing of aces and countless celebrities rounding out a royal or a bobtail flush. Above the clink of glasses in the old barroom the voice of the late John W. Gates was heard to shout out, "I bet you a million dollars." Here gathered the captains of industry in the days when they were making swift fortunes. stock exchange ticker may have indicated the financial transactions of the day, but back of the transactions were the big deals in the corners, pools and combinations organized in the old Waldorf that were later checked by the Sherman law. Every celebrity who has come to the United States during the past forty years has been at the Waldorf. If not a guest of the hotel he or she has attended some function

there-for a function at the Waldorf was called an event to the very last. The walls of the old grand ballroom have rung with the cheers of banqueters for years, and has been the scene of many a historic gathering. It has echoed the services of many and varied religious gatherings; it has been the scene of bacchanalian feasts, which included the setting of a circus with live elephants fresh from Ringling to add reality to social whims and the craving for something new. This was to continue to the very last days when President Hoover appeared at the dinner of the Associated Press in April, 1929. There are many organizations who have had their headquarters at the Waldorf. The Ohio Society will now seek new quarters with inspiring memories of the noted guests they have entertained within the walls left behind, and the famous Rubenstein society sang the Swan Song May 1.

Countless brides and grooms spent New York honeymoons at the Waldorf. Every town, village and hamlet has heard of the hotel where the late Ward McAllister's "Four Hundred" foregathered in spats and The name is associated with a social distinction and industrial prominence that touched at almost every angle of American life. When visitors returned home, they reported in detail what they had seen at the Waldorf, the latest styles parading in Peacock Alley, a new sort of sauce, a waffle breakfast, all these came within the purview of Oscar. Organizations of nation-wide membership, including the American Publishers of newspapers and magazines, artists and authors, musical societies, all felt that they had approached the acme of triumph when their functions were scheduled at the Waldorf.

Ever since the days when the Waldorf and the Astor families talked over the fence as they sat on the front porch and looked upon their flower gardens within the picket fence, this single spot in New York has retained something of the hospitable homeliness that was associated with the very beginnings of its use for human habitation. The land has so increased in value through the growth of the Nation's metropolis that it could be plastered with gold pieces and then there would be a surplus. This thought came to me with a shock, when I realized that I had been sleeping high aloft over this very land. For many years I have been in "The Attic" at the Waldorf writing and thinking out my own pecuniary problems without dreaming that I was living over a veritable "field of the cloth of gold." It seems like

saying goodbye to one of the oldest friends to even contemplate leaving my old "Attic," under the roof-in the turreted cupola—a veritable watch tower from which I have surveyed the seething activities of Gotham. Often have I thought while dining in the Rose Room on Fifth Avenue, looking out of the windows on the swirling procession that some day it would become too expensive and in too great demand as a show window to be occupied by a mere editor, nibbling toast and drinking coffee. Out upon this avenue through the window, Mrs. Waldorf of old doubtless looked and commented upon the neighbors as they drove by in carriage or coach. It was then a country farm home, or in prosaic fact, a cabbage farm, when George Washington was inaugurated the first president of the United States at Wall Street three miles away. Later, by some magic, Thirty-fourth Street became a crosstown thoroughfare from river to river, the gateway for the entrance of the first tunnel from Jersey, and adjoined the terminus of the old Harlem Railroad, entering the city through the old tunnel on Park Avenue. In later years it has become the motor bus centre-one spot that was regarded as the very heart of modern New York, just far enough from the blare and noise of Broadway and undisturbed in modern days with the velvet tread of the pneumatic tires on Fifth Avenue.

Here it was that the old hansom cab had its last stand. Old Dobbin and his driver in high hat, wielding his whip as he sat aloft, has gone the way of the Waldorf. It is another offering to the juggernaut of business, the force that has become the genius of the age-before which all must bow. Even the stately and beautiful Waldorf must crumble. Never before have I felt that I wanted to possess about twentyfive million dollars or more of spending money. If I had it-I would save the Waldorf at all hazards for what it has been and still remains to the ethical idealism of the city founded by the sturdy Dutchmen of New Amsterdam. Manhattan will not seem altogether Manhattan without a Waldorf. What will society debutantes have to offer if they can no longer say, "I dined, danced, or was a guest at the Waldorf." It will now remain for mothers and grandmothers to tell the story to their children and furnish more material for an Edith Wharton novel. What will "Bob" Chambers do for the setting of a new New York novel and where will Belasco gather material for his New York society scene with its gold chairs and massive mirrors? Three thousand have banqueted at the Waldorf at one time; gatherings that made an old baronial feast look like a quick lunch.

More than this, the Waldorf has had a personnel trained and organized for distinctive service. The first manager, George Boldt, commanded with the discipline of a military martinet and died within his castle. It was service with a large "S" illuminating the Latin derivative of the world, "Pre-serve." Clerks, bellboys, pages, and what-not seemed to be mind-readers and knew how to shower attentions that would garner a harvest of tips, for 'twas often said that one could dine elsewhere on a tip paid at the Waldorf.

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The very stones outside, with their decorative balconies were observed in its last days as never before, for those who gazed upon them realized that they are soon to crumble into dust, and fulfill the prophecy of the Persian king, "This, too, shall pass away." No one would ever think of building a structure such as the Waldorf today, exterior or interior. That is why the doom of the old hotel brings back a floodtide of memories and a poignant feeling of regret that the scenic setting of New York's social supremacy in the eyes of the world is to be ruthlessly removed and supplanted by a towering forty story skyscraper with its boxlike proportions and severe lines that will sacrifice all thought of beauty to the mandate of the God of Utility-who now reigns! Goodbye to the Waldorf cannot be said without a word concerning the management and staff. Everyone from Mr. Lucius Boomer, president; Mr. Augustus Nulle, managing director; "Oscar" Tschirky-on to every one individually of the one thousand employees-will ever be remembered in the pictures that hang on Memory's walls, associated with the one and only Waldorf of the happy days extending from the roaring eighties unto the time when "Lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed," A.D. Maytime, 1929.

In turning the key of my old room "The Attic" where I have dreamed and written many years, far above the maddening throng surging up and down Fifth Avenue, I opened a floodtide of inspiring and exultant memories. Before me people of the present and the past moved in a panorama unparalleled of eminent personalities. The closing scenes witnessed greater throngs and activities than the dear old hostelry had known for many years. From all parts of the country people came back to have a last look of Peacock Alley, a last dinner amid scenes of the artistic and palatial splendor that marked the beginning of America's greatest prosperity. Functions were held at all hours of the day and night in order to push them in on the schedule. The "White Breakfast" of the Rubenstein Society in the Grand Ballroom-beautifully decorated from floor to lofty ceiling with flowers of springtime hope, with all the thousand women guests dressed in white, with not a suggestion of the funereal color of mourning, suggested the triumphant note of musical culture in Gotham. Here for thirty-eight years, the club has met under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Wil-

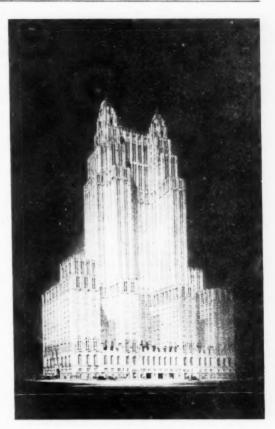
Madame Lilian Nordica, once a pupil of the New England Conservatory, sang her last song before leaving for foreign shores where she passed beyond with a song on her lips, after a career that has added her name to the Hall of Fame of those who were born in the good old State of Maine. She was Lillian Nortongrand-daughter of Camp Meeting John Allen. Among the names of great living singers and musical artists who have appeared with the Rubenstein Society is Beniamino Gigli, counted the greatest living operatic tenor, whose young protege, Senorita Emma Otero of Cuba, made her debut in America, with none other than President Machado as her patron.

The first appearance of Alma Gluck in New York was in this room. Josef Hoffman as a child prodigy pianist; Galli-Curci, with her incomparable trills; John Mc-Cormack, matchless in Irish ballad and sing; Rosa Raisa, Rosa Ponselle, famed stars in the operatic constellation of today. Well, almost the entire list of pre-eminent artists in opera and on the concert stage have made their bows to a Waldorf-Astoria Rubenstein audience. Who will ever forget the "War Breakfast" when the "Blue Devils" of France were guests and \$1,000,000 of Liberty Bonds were sold; the "Peace

Breakfast" with real carrier doves that had skimmed through blue skies to bring their message direct from Washington. At the May Day Breakfast, Shakesperan characters reveled in the dance, revealing the poetry of motion that has preserved for us the traditions of the Maypole Dance.

On the same day, as they say in the movies, occurred the Final Dinner at the Waldorf, where representatives of thirty-eight socieities that had held their annual and other functions here for thirty-eight years, gathered for a Farewell Feast. The chairman and toastmaster, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, was prevented by illness from being present, but listened in to the proceedings from his bed in the hospital and joined in the spirit of the occasion.

It seemed as if everybody was there to say "Farewell." In the banquet line I walked with John Brisbane Walker, the founder of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. His appearance belied the eight-two years that he has lived, for it finds him still active in building the roads of his country at four score. He was the pioneer in the poplar magazine field and how well I recall his inspiring help to me as a young editor in those days of his great triumph, when he had just secured an article from Benjamin Harrison, on the World's Fair, following his retirement as president of the United States. This editorial feat was re-enacted when former President Coolidge made his bow as a magazine contributor in the Cosmopoli-



The New Waldorf-Astoria to be built at Park and Lexington Avenues and Fiftieth and Forty-Ninth Street

Cablegrams and telegrams were read from Marshal Joffre and other eminent guests all over the world until it seemed like a meeting of the living "Who's Who."

The guest table was bordered with a picket fence covered with vines that might have surrounded the garden of Mrs. Waldorf and Mrs. Astor, when they were country neighbors in uptown New York. At this table I have seen the celebrities of the world pass in review. Here I first heard President William McKinley heralding a new dawn of prosperity in the nineties; Roosevelt opened the new century with a stirring address amid cheers that shook the very balconies; William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States, as President punctuated one of his good-humored addresses with that hearty laughter that became contagious among hard-boiled New Yorkers. Our World War President, Woodrow Wilson, here gave several of those stirring and scholarly addresses that rang with patriotic fervor. In later years the genial and lovable Warren G. Harding delivered a Presidential address that soothed the aftermath frenzies of the war.

In concise phrases, Calvin Coolidge as President heralded an era of poise and deliberation that marked unexampled days of peace and prosperity, and quoted a verse from the Bible that was even recalled on this occasion.

Within the month, the first public utterance of President Herbert Hoover since he was inaugurated was made from this banquet board—an appeal for Law Obedience that recalled the majestic ideal of Lincoln.

Not only presidents of the United States, but potentates, kings, queens, princes and rulers of many lands have broken bread and spoken in this room redolent with inspiring memories. Here Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh appeared soon after his epochal flight to be presented a silver airship. Amundsen, the Arctic explorer, after his flight across the icy seas of the North Pole to Alaska, here felt the warmth of a welcome home. Touching elbows on this dais were Thomas A. Edison, the inventor of the electric light that so brilliantly illuminated the room, in which he was greeted; and Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone that carried his own voice when asking for a pitcher of ice water in his room.

Here the Wright Brothers had appeared in their early days of triumph, marking the era of aviation; Lee DeForest, the inventor of the audiontube that made your radio possible; Marconi, the wizard that blazed the paths for this wireles age. Yes, it fairly took my mental breath away when I stopped to think of the long line of celebrities who had foregathered in this one environment.

The cast of characters in this great drama of nearly two score years includes the silver-tongued William Jennings Bryan and the golden-voiced Chauncey M. Depew, already with his latest joke, to say nothing of the matchless Joseph H. Choate, who as Ambassador to the Court of St. James had provided me with a ticket for the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh; the inimitable Job E. Hedges, the matchless wit, who always seemed to find the bubbling sense of humor in any audience.

On the guest list was the name of Charles M. Schwab, whose cheery voice continues on after the walls have crumbled, reiterating his business philosophy of how to sell a million dollars worth of goods before breakfast.

The great curtains behind the speakers' table moved in the breeze, and unfolded to me other visions on the silver screen of memory—General John J. Pershing on his return from France; General Foch on

his visit to America following the war; Albert, King of the Belgians; Crown Prince Augustus of Sweden here forgot thrones and sceptres; Sir Thomas Lipton, planning on how to win the Cup with a new "Shamrock"; Harry Lauder, with his close-fisted Scotch jokes and ringing Scotch ballads.

At the end of that very table I have seen the Captains of Industry sit together, playing with napkins and asking for toothpicks; John W. Gates, ready to bet a million dollars; Elbridge H. Gary blazing the pathway for the pioneer billion dollar steel corporation, and J. Pierpont Morgan, bringing his fist down on the table with an emphatic gesture of approval that shook the coffee cups.

The past and the present seemed to be so blended that I could scarcely determine the border line between the past and the present, for all these silhouetted figures seemed to mingle together again in spirit, if not in flesh.

That night I was thinking of that master mind who had here spoken on many great occasions, and who is now living in the quietude of his New York home. It was none other than Hon. Elihu Root, counted the first citizen of New York and the nation at large, who has only recently returned from Europe still serving his country and the world at large with wellperfected plans of a World Court which his admirers believe will become the crowning achievement of his illustrious career.

The voice of Senator Wm. E. Borah, still heard on the floor of Congress, has been often heard here in an eloquent plea for the new Americanism, that stands out fearless and unafraid, championing progress for the betterment of the world.

The closing event in this great ballroom was the annual concert of the Consolidated Gas and Electric Co., with the President, George B. Cortelyou, as the speaker. The concert was given by a chorus and orchestral band made up of members of

the workers in his company. The appearance of my old friend Cortelyou recalled the days when I first met him as a stenographic clerk in the Post Office department at Washington, and later as secretary of President William McKinley. He introduced the efficient modern methods in the White House of answering every letter received the same day. Advancement seemed to be the watchword of his career, for he served as a Cabinet minister in the Department of Commerce, as Postmaster General and as Secretary of the Treasury-a prominent figure in the administrations of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. His love for music was here again manifest, for was he not a pupil at the New England Conservatory of Music in his younger days with aspirations to become a great organist. He could have taken the baton and directed the chorus, and band, that evening, with the same efficiency with which he has directed great and important affairs in public life and industrial operations.

His life has been rhythmic and cohesive in purpose and deed. His modest address to his own people was the last that will ever be heard in this great Hall which has been the forum of discussions by the distinguished of the world in art, music and

The hearty cheers of his people were the last echo under the rafters that are now to give way to the steel-ribbed skyscraper.

What a thrilling climax for these closing scenes of the great drama of the Waldorf-Astoria, when George Bruce Cortelyou, McKinley's beloved secretary, led the band and chorus, as a thousand voices in the audience joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The majestic strains of Robert Burns' immortal song of abiding friendship rang out, up and down the old corridors, that have passed with the memories of the roaring nineties and the eventful three decades that marks the beginning of our own great Twentieth Century, as the cups o' kindness were lifted in the pledge of friendly remembrance.

Mystic Paintings of George Washington Continued from page 356

must have been added later as a memorial, which places the social status of the family as high, for otherwise this honor would not have been accorded.

Cave Castle, Yorkshire, was the home of the Washingtons in the days of Cromwell, and from this shire John Washington in 1657, or 1659, migrated to Virginia. Old records show that two sisters, Ellenor and Anna Harrison, married, respectively, Henry Fairfax, Sheriff of Yorkshire, and Richard Washington. William, the son of this Fairfax union, was the president of the Virginia Council, and his daughter married Laurence, he brother of George Washington, who left im Mt. Vernon, and this also explains why

George Washington as a young man was sent by his mother, the austere Mary Ball, to Lord Fairfax in the wilderness of Virginia, to become a surveyor. His life at Greenway court so endeared him to the old baron that when news came of the victory of Yorktown, he said. "Take off my boots-it is time to die when England is beaten." These boots are in possession of the Virginia Historical Society, and it would be most pleasing to the ghost of Lord Fairfax, which trips around old Winchester, Virginia, if he could know that his boots rested in a replica of Sulgrave Manor, the Washington's home in England. The Land books of Virginia, in Richmond, state in the patent of vast acres that included almost all of the northern neck of Virginia, that, "Lord Fairfax went into ye western wilds for ye love of a lady." His bachelor heart found the child of his imagination in the lofty splendid son of Mary Ball—and stouthearted old Tory that Mary always remained, led her to pray, "God save the King," little dreaming that her own lion whelp would end the power of royalty in Virginia and America.

^{*} The author of this article descends in direct line from Anne Ball, the sister of Mary, the mother of Washington. Anne Ball married Colonel Conway, whose sister, Nellie, or Ellenor, was the mother of James Madison, President of United States, who was born at "Port Conway," Virginia, and there the Virginia Society of Colonial Dames have marked the spot with a sun-dial, since Madison, as the "Father of the Constitution," holds a distinctive place in the memory of the American people.

A "Close-Up" of the President of Venezuela

General Juan Vicente Gomez, Chief Executive of Venezuela, South America, is a great leader of a wonderful country, counted one of the most prosperous in all of Latin America

By CLARENCE FERGUSON

VISITORS and travelers in Latin America generally agree that Venezuela is one of the most interesting examples of progress in South America. Under the leadership of its chief executive, General Juan Vicente Gomez, substantial advancement has been made in every activity that has to do with the life of the people in Venezuela. The country has witnessed a marvelous mineral and agricultural development in recent years. Venezuela now ranks second in oil production and is increasing in its commercial importance owing to the aggressive administration of General Gomez, president of this Latin American Republic.

Under the leadership of a "working president" a record of real achievement is added to the recent history of Venezuela. These accomplishments have been born of a desire for ultimate happiness and prosperity

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The result has been that General Gomez has created a Venezuela that has taken a real place in the family of nations. Those who have watched General Gomez at close range agree that he has improved the condition of the common people, for every man, woman and child has been substantially benefited through his policies. The future will reveal even more of the results in making this country a land where future generations will share in the utilization of natural resources. The standard of living of the working class has been raised. The welfare of Venezuela has never been absent

amusements and the best of health conditions. He has made his country safe for men, women and children and has freed Venezuela of crime, making it a serious offense for any individual to carry concealed weapons. The people are safe to come and go at all hours of the day and night—in their homes, on the street, on the roads throughout the country, in the big cities and in the small towns and villages. Venezuela is no place for crooks.

President Gomez has done much to bind together more firmly the friendship with other nations and especially the United States and invites every form of activity designed to contribute to the progress of his country. General Gomez is a man of marked character and personality, reflected in his love and protection of dumb beasts, birds and trees. His many unusual characteristics are commented upon favorably by those who know him. With a keen appetite for work he never complains of his burdens or appears to be the least bit disturbed in a private chat. A deep thinker and a practical man, he is recognized as a marvelous reader of character. Kindly but firm, he has decided opinions.

On every side, even in the remote parts, the evidence of prosperity is evident. The people are well dressed and look well fed. This I noticed everywhere in my travels through the country. Those with whom I spoke had only words of praise for their President, giving him all the credit for the prosperity which they now enjoy.

not know his nearest neighbor a few miles away, because of lack of road. Today every municipality in the republic can be reached over perfect roads equal, if not superior to the finest in the United States and are cared for the same as cement sidewalks, parks and boulevards in Paris and New York.

Schools have been established and hospitals of the first class provided where the



General Juan Vicente Gomez President of Venezuela

sick receive the best of medical attention. The orphanage in Maracay, his home city, is an example of his keen interest in the welfare of the children. It is provided with playgrounds and all that goes to help make happy childhood. Universities, beautiful parks, comparing favorably with those of California, adorn the cities. The residential sections of Paraiso in Caracas, the Capital City, with winding avenues, beautiful mansions, gardens, shrubbery and a magnificent Country Club, reveal prosperity. Here Colonel Lindbergh was royally entertained, as he also was in Maracay, by the President on his famous Good Will tour to Latin American countries.

Many complete and model factories have been established by President Gomez, bearing witness to the policy of having an industrious people. All of these factories are provided with every comfort and conven-

ience for their employees.

One of the President's crowning achievements is the creation of the new free port of Touriamo, situated at the northern part of Venezuela. It has all the natural desirabilities of a first-class port with an ample entrance to the harbor with water sufficient for the largest ships afloat and protection from the tropical trade winds. An abundance of pure drinking



This is a reproduction of a wonderful painting which hangs on the wall of the Maracay Club. General Gomez is seen on his horse facing, peace, contentment, prosperity, progress and happiness. The farmers are tilling the ground. Contended mothers with their children. The General's back is turned on war, poverty, crying mothers and children, discontent General Gomez has accomplished what this picture represents

from the thoughts of its chief executive and the seed he has sown will bear good fruit. Love of country has been an unselfish and dominant motive in increasing the material wealth of his nation in order that the people may enjoy better home life, better clothes, better food and more means of General Gomez is a great builder and has constructed roads in every State of the Republic, so that the whole country can be traversed over highways unsurpassed. A road from Caracas, the Capital City, to the frontier of Colombia has been completed. Before he became President the farmer did



Capitol at Caracas, Venezuela, South America One of the beautiful modern factories at Maracay, Venezuela, erected by General Gomez

Showing a portion of beautiful Hotel Miramar, Macuta, Venezuela

water has made the location of this most important post most desirable for the refining and exportation of petroleum. Within a short time the oil companies will no doubt build their refineries and wharfs there. This is only another example of the General's constructive work along the lines of progress.

Many years ago President Gomez realized the importance of good hotels and the beautiful Hotel Miramar at Macuta by the Sea, recently completed is the result. This is one of the most luxurious resort hotels in the tropics which already has gained a world-wide reputation for beauty, spaciousness and elegance. It is managed by Mr. Siebenthal, a Swiss, one of the hotel experts trained in Europe. In the picturesque grounds are to be found native fruits of all kinds, swimming pools, tennis courts and provision for other outdoor games and surf bathing. Few countries offer more attractions for the tourist legion which each year is increasing in numbers.

In Maracay, opposite the home of President Gomez is a very beautiful park. In the top of one of its big trees the General has placed each morning a stem of bananas for the little blue birds. They arrive at the same hour each day for their feast. The General enjoys visiting with them and sees to it that they are never disappointed-rain or shine. This indicates his intense love of Nature. Maracay is known as "the spotless town" and indeed it is well named, for there are few cities more clean. Las Delicias in its outskirts is a portion of the General's estate which he has opened to the public for their enjoyment. In the beautiful Casino which he recently erected, one meets celebrities visiting Maracay from all

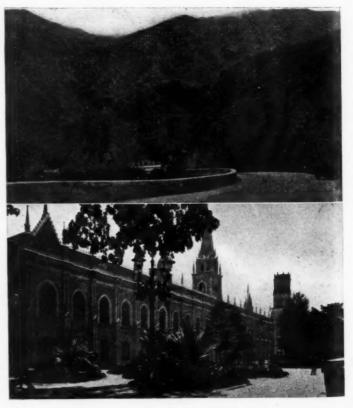
parts of the world. The General himself appears each day at eleven in the morning and at four in the afternoon. The interesting Zoo where birds of gay plumage are in abundance are a great delight to old and young. Tigers, lions, elephants, panthers, zebras and other denizens of the jungle and wild life are here in all their glory.

Visitors to Venezuela can see plainly the result of a progressive government, and General Gomez can look with satisfaction on what he has accomplished, for his work calls forth popular admiration.

The President's Cabinet is composed of brilliant and distinguished men of intellect, possessing real personality-outstanding men of the country - sincere the sort of men you feel that you would like to live among-men of vision-possessed of the qualities demanded in efficient public service. The list includes: Dr. Rafael Riquena, Presidente de Estado Aragua Maracay; Dr. P. Itriago Chacin, Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores; Dr. Pedro M. Arcaya, Ministro de Relaciones Interiores; Dr. Antonio Alamo, Ministro de Fomento; Dr. C. Jimenez Rebolledo, Ministro de Guerra y Marina; Dr. Ruben Gonzalez, Ministro de Instrucion Publica; Dr. José Ignacio Cardenas, Ministro de Obras Publicas; Dr. Julio Consalvi, Secretario de Gobierno Maracay.

General Gomez is fulfilling his executive duties in a way that reflects credit upon the new Venezuela of today. He is carrying on his work with a view of bettering the condition of all classes throughout the whole Under his supreme leadership country. Venezuela has made great prgoress which includes every phase of human endeavor. The President has steadily and patiently worked for the attainment of his country's lasting peace and progress. He has served his people well and they are to be congratulated in having such a leader. His record will go down in history as a praise-worthy one. Venezuela appeals to the lover of outdor life for its magnificent scenery and bracing climate—a wonderland of majestic mountains and rolling valleys-a country embowered in the luxuriance of the Trop-Wherever the eye may rest it catches the vista of a continuous garden of unsurpassed beauty which impresses upon mem-

Continued on page 375



Venezuela has one of the most perfect road systems of any country in the world. This represents the type of road throughout the entire country. Built by General Gomez

University at Caracas

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

BEBE DANIELS

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The Popular Motion Picture Star Finds a Heart Throb in Farnol's "Peregine's Progress"

Motion picture artists seem to lead a magical life. Through the cinema they create for us so much of reality—that is unreality and even beauty that we can take into our daily lives!

"A saving sense of humor" lies back of the enviable success of Bebe Daniels; it is a factor and an important one, but along with it is that more important thing—hard, painstaking work.

How well we remember the first pictures in which the youthful face of Bebe first attracted public notice and later we have seen her steadily climbing, climbing into popularity. Along the road—which is beset by many dangers and pitfalls, she has given a helping hand to those less fortunate for it is said of Bebe Daniels that she is the most generous-hearted and fair-minded co-worker among the constellation at Hollywood.

One wonders somewhat at the number of convent-bred girls who have stepped out before the footlights with a broad understanding of human life and with an ability to portray human emotions, of the lowly as well as of those characters of highest worth—famed through fiction. It would seem that an understanding of life and of human aspirations and failures is Godgiven.

Bebe Virginia Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, educated in private schools and in a convent. Very early in life she was on the stage and one remembers her first appearance with Harold Lloyd where she found her humor a desirable asset. Then the society plays claimed her and we remember her in "Nice People", "Pink Gods", and "Monsiuer Beaucaire." She was delightfully Spanish in "Senorita" and amusing in "She's a Shiek." Her imitations of Douglas Fairbanks and other actors reveals that gaiety of spirit for which she is famed.

While waiting in her make-up on "location" she commented on her heart throb in

an outdoor setting.

"I am very glad to tell you that my favorite author is Jeffrey Farnol and my favorite book, "Peregrine's Progress." Several years ago I marked the following passage and I still think it my favorite bit of prose:

"There is, I think, a wistful sadness in the fall of evening, a vague regret for the fading glories of the day which, passing out of our lives for ever, leaves us so much the richer or poorer, the nobler or more unworthy, ac-

cording to the use we have made of the opportunities it has offered us for the doing of good or evil."

"Let me add every good wish for your continued success and happiness, she added in a gracious manner.

While the public has been interested in the "hats to shoes" details of her wardrobe, in her speeding which brought her to jail, in the food that she prefers, more than all else they have



Bebe Daniels

wished to know why she teetered on the very verge of matrimony but kept a safe distance from the final plunge. She has given many reasons and made many explanations, but we suspect that, like the statesman, Disraeli, she has confounded us by telling the exact truth—"My career comes first." And then, she is very happy living with her own family. Miss Daniels commented "The man who marries a motion picture actress must have the disposition of an angel—and I have not yet met that perfect being." Again she philosophized:

"The unhappy marriages in this business is not because we are less human than others, but because our business is not standardized. We have no certain hours. What chance is there for a 'real home' in our dreamy unreal existence in making reels."

CARL FRANK ED

The Creator of "Harold Teen" and other Famous Cartoons Names "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"

The question often arises—does the cartoonist possess a clearer vision than most

of us, or is his vision just sufficiently out of the focus to give an amusing twist to all he sees. Without being controversial we think of the cartoonist as a man who enjoys himself—one who has his real fun out of the commonest actuations.

Carl Frank Ludwig Ed, cartoonist, has done his share of good in presenting the humor of grave situations in a way to influence public opinion. Often it is the cartoonist who shows up the real weakness of something that is agitating the public mind. He is, like those of his profession, quick in thought and action, for many of us are humorous on occasion, but a "dayby-day" humor is hard to achieve. cartoonist learns how not to take himself seriously. Mr. Ed was born in Moline, Ill., in 1890, and was educated at the High School and Augustana College in Rock Island, Ill. He was connected with the Rock Island Argus until 1917 as city editor. He resigned from this position and became cartoonist for the Chicago Evening American. Since then, on the Chicago Tribune he has created many never-to-be forgotten series-one being "Harold Teen" which has been picturized. He has also served as instructor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago. His home is in Evansville, Ill. He put aside his drawing pen and began:

"Though I deeply appreciate your query I am afraid I cannot do much for you. I have never taken much to poetry or prose, and though I have read some. I can't at this time recall any that were especial favorites, nor have I memorized any. Some of the old standbys have always appealed to me most, such as 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew,' 'Boots, Boots, Boots.' To begin with we comic strip men are perverts of art, and I'm afraid my spiritual soul has been warped through constant contact with 'Moon Mullins' Willard, who labors next door to me. However, I feel most highly honored to be taken seriously and here is a verse from the 'Shooting of Dan McGrew'."

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up In a malamute saloon,

And the kid that handled the music box

Was hitting a jag-time tune;
When out of the night which was fifty below
And into the din and the glare
There struggled a miner fresh from the creeks

Dog dirty and loaded for bear.

Mr. Ed is not alone in liking a dramatic—almost a melodramatic descriptive poem like "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." That rhyming has served as a declamation, a motion picture and the basis of many stage "skits." It is tense, thrilling and vivid.

GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

The Popular Division Commander of the World War Seeks his Heart Throb in the Humor of Don Quixote

"Adventure-color-action! And the "Ingenious Gentleman'-Don' Quixote! the whole book—the sweetest humor ever given to the world"

This was the response given to me by Robert Lee Bullard, while chatting in the War Department at Washington. I was not surprised that a story of adventure had fired the mind of General Bullard in his youth and had remained with him as a thrilling tale of valor. The general's life has been full to the brim of adventure and action. and, as surely as the knight-errant. His favorite in fiction is the story of "the most valorous errant that ever girt on sword," and something of that forgetfulness of self must have influenced the man who gave himself to the army of the United States to serve in countless and varied activities.

Robert Lee Bullard-destined to go forth to adventure for a good cause, was born in Youngstown, Alabama in 1861. He graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1885 and very soon his promotions began. As major in the Independent Battalion of Alabama he afterward served as Colonel in the Third Alabama Infantry and this led to duties of Brigadier General, and his appointment as Major General in 1917.

During the period of insurrection in the Philippine Islands General Bullard served his country as he did during the Spanish war. One of his enduring tasks of work was the building of a military road in Cuba, where he served as Governor, as director of public education and of supervisor of Fine Arts.

During the World War he commanded a division in France and wrote a famous message just before the opening of the second battle of the Marne-a battle that marked the turning point of the war. This famous message concluded with the positive and compelling statement,-"We are going to counter attack."

Many decorations have been given to General Bullard by different countries where he has served so admirably and who -at the present time-is still ready "at attention," no less zealous for his country than when war threatened,-as zealous for peace.

And so it seemed natural that this man should admire that self-appointed knighterrant who beheld his vision and shined up his sire's old armor. To be sure he lived in the mind of Cervantes but that writer has made him live again for all. Cervantes wrote-

"He hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in the world ever hit upon and that was that he fancied it was right and requi-site as well for the support of his honor as for the service of his country that he should make a knight-errant of himself roaming the world over in full armor on horseback, in quest of adventures and putting into practice for himself all that he had read of the usual practices of knight-errants, righting every wrong and exposing himself to peril and danger from which he was to reap eternal renown and fame."

It is a thrilling story that still stirs the youthful mind-just as all bravery and all honor must do-for such qualities are immortal.

HENRY DOUGLAS PIERCE

The Vice-President of the Nicaragua Canal Association hails Homer's "Iliad" as his Heart Throb

During my travels in Central America I have followed in the footsteps of Judge Henry Douglas Pierce, vice-president of the Nicaragua Canal Association, and literally the head of the organization since the death of Otto T. Bannard. The father of Judge Pierce was a relative and great friend of Stephen A. Douglas and it is noted that he spells his name with one "s." He has recently returned from two and a half years in South America, where he visited with the presidents of six Repub-

Judge Pierce is a graduate of Princeton University and was a law partner of Thomas A. Hendricks, who was vice-president of the United States during the first Cleveland administration. He has made forty-five trips to foreign lands and has crossed the seven seas several times. Few men have a more profound knowledge of the classics than Judge Pierce and he naturally chose the famous lines of one of the Odes of Horace as his heart throb.

"These lines mean much to me in the ripened reflections of my long life reaching now past four score years. Every day that passes brings me a renewed faith in human kind and appreciation that the world is growing better. But we have to hark back to the classics for the fundamentals of enduring heart throbs and I can conceive of nothing more thrilling than Martin's translation of the Odes of Horace. Where will you find verses that sweep the wide range of human existence more eloquently and completely than the lines which I am going to try and repeat to you from memory:

If thou wouldst live secure and free, Thou wilt not keep far out to sea, Licinius, evermore; Nor, fearful of the gales that sweep The ocean wide, too closely creep Along the treacherous shore.

The man, who with a soul serene Doth cultivate the golden mean, Escapes alike from all The squalor of a sordid cot, And from the jealousies begot By wealth in lordly hall.

The mighty pine is ever-most By wild winds sway'd about and toss'd; With most disastrous crash Fall high-topp'd towers, and ever, where The Mountain's summit points in air, Do bolted lightnings flash.

When fortune frowns, a well train'd mind Will hope for change; when she is kind, A change no less will fear; If haggard winters o'er the land By Jove are spread, at his command In time they disappear.

Though now they may, be sure of this, Things will not always go amiss; Not always bends in ire Apollo his dread bow, but takes The lyre and from her trance awakes The muse with touch of fire.

Though sorrows strike, and comrades shrink. Yet never let your spirits sink, But to yourself be true: So wisely, when yourself you find Scudding before too fair a wind, Take in a reef or two.

What a privilege it was to have a chat with one so thoroughly educated and choice in word and phrase, following a banquet feast. It was truly a flow of soul.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

The Philosopher and Novelist Harks Back to Kipling for a Real Heart Kick

"First the animal man: then the selfman: then the world man and finally the God-man-the perfect fruit of earth."

This is the spoken creed of Will Comfort known to many as a philosopher-to many others as an author of fiction, to others as war correspondent but to a group of spiritual thinkers, he stands almost as a prophet for straight thinking through his writings on metaphysical subjects,-his applied psychology. He commented on "the growth of the human spirit is from simplicity to complication and back to simplicity again-each circle in a nobler dimension of progress. Such has been my own experience."

Will Comfort was born in Kalamazoo in 1878 and was educated in the grammar and High Schools but he had that keen literary curiosity that made him study- and more than that-it made him think.

Will Comfort's short stories have appeared in Saturday Evening Post, in The Craftsman and The Touchstone. His "Curving Shore," "Firebird," and "Pariah of the Moon" are stirring tales. "Fate Knocks at the Door," and many others indicate an industrious craftsman. To a large audience his metaphysical writings have outdistanced his fiction and among his choicest sayings is this-

"That which drives the world is the vitality of God-a divine emanation"

In meeting him there was the heartiness of an old friend for he said "Greetings, dear Joe," then promptly and decisively he replied to my query. "I think all in all Kipling's 'When Earth's last Picture is Painted' has hit it off for me among all others."

Something in the philosophy of Kipling has moved many men and with a great company of admirers of that author, Will Comfort gives as one of his favorites:

"When earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,

When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died, We shall rest and faith we shall need it—lie

down for an aeon or two
'Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall
put us to work anew.

And only the Master shall praise us; and only the Master shall blame

And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame; one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They are!"

Serving in the fifth U.S. Calvary and in the Spanish War; he has acted as war correspondent in the Philippines

China, in Russia, Java and while in Russia he made a close study of the life of people. That is why in one of his novels he has portrayed the Russian ploughman in such a masterly way that critics have declared, "he has done horses and war, rides and courage before but never anything like his ploughman which seems like one of Millet's masterpieces." This reveals the arresting vividness of his creative work.

* CHICK EVANS, Jr.

Chick Evans, the Golf Champion Tees Off in a Poem Written by his Mother

"The best golf courses are those that make the greatest demand on the player,not those that considerately cover up little weaknesses in one's game."

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This was the hearty greeting of Charles Evans, Jr., known throughout the world as "Chick" Evans. In making his statement about a golf course, he unconsciously gave a good bit of wisdom regarding life in general, and thus emphasized the value of strength gained by struggle and hard work.

Mr. Evans is a sportsman who always turned his defeats into victories largely by digging into the game more and more scientifically-then, to emerge on the winning side. He proved himself a golfing genius by winning the National Open and the National Amateur tournaments in one short year-the first man in the country to accomplish the feat. He also became a member of the winning team in the Olympic Tournament in 1909.

How to Play Golf," and other books relating to the game, as well as general writings from the pen of "Chick Evans" have been an authority for sportsmen. While a special writer for a syndicate of newspapers from 1912 to 1921 Mr. Evans handled sporting matters entertainingly as well as authoritively. Investment and banking business was also one o his activities.

Like Lochinvar-Mr. Evans "came out of the West," being born at Indianapolis, Ind., and a graduate of the Northwestern University. During the World War he used his skill to aid the United States by engaging in the game under the Western Golfing Association and his exhibition work netted over \$300,000 for the Red Cross.

It was particularly pleasing to hear Mr. Evans affirm that his favorite poem was one written by his own mother. It refutes the assertion we hear so often that there is less sentiment in the world than before. This is the first instance when a mother's poem has been the most cherished bit of literature and we are glad to quote Mr. Evans' favorite, as we are glad to honor him for his choice.

HER OLDEN BOOK

A bar of gold across a study floor, A glimpse of meadow through an open door— A dark head bent about an ancient book— And all is glorified wheron I look.

The gold has faded from the study floor, Closed to the light that once wide-open door; A shadow rests upon the ancient book, And all is desolate whereon I look
Ah! oldtime author! were the tales you told, Sweeter than any life and youth unfold?

Dearer than friend, than touch of lover's hand? Has she but sought you in another land?

Her dark head lies beneath a carven stone; Through the slow hours I work and wait

alone; Awake! A dream! I see in yonder nook, A thin hand laid upon an open book.

Dear Shadow hands! ye never seek my own, Yet since ye left me, void the world hath grown.

Irksome the task—it fails—I can but look, In fond expectance on thy olden book.

Ah! grave! that holds my all of dear and fair, The hand that wrote, the hand that clasped it there,

Yet time preserves this faded, old book And cheats with shadow-hands Love's longing look.

JOSEPH F. SNIPES

The Author of Fifty Years of Psychic Research Leans Towards Longfellow's "Haunted Houses" and "Psalm of Life"

After a half century of devotion to the cause of Psychic Research, Mr. Joseph Franklin Snipes has a long-range perspective of life to draw upon for his favorite Heart Throb.

With spirited energy and a twinkle in his eyes that belie four score and more years of activity undaunted nor dimmed by Time's flight he replied promptly:

"If I could have a score of favorites, I could give them to you-for poems live on with the years with me. Like many others I would choose something from Longfellow-perhaps 'Haunted Houses' or the longer favorite 'Evangeline' not forgetting that wonderful 'Psalm of Life.' There is something in the serenity of Longfellow that touches the heart in a way that the average reader is made to understand himself as well as the poet's vision, and makes us even overlook the classics."

There was real enthusiasm as he paid his tribute to his favorite poem. Mr Snipes is la thorough Latin scholar, and could quote from Virgil and Horace at random, but he focuses upon the work of one who wrote in his mother tongue during his time and generation. In handwriting that has a steady graceful Spencerian flourish and is firm and steady at eighty-four, Mr. Snipes attends to a large correspondence.

While he was born in Richmond, Va., he came to New York City in early manhood, taking an active part in business; retiring at fifty to devote himself exclusively to the study of Psychic Research which he had begun many years previous. The result is a large volume—a monumental life work entitled "Fifty years of Psychic Research" which has brought letters of appreciation from Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle.

In his winter home christened "Graystone" at Cassadaga, Florida, he and Mrs. Snipes continue the custom of years in keeping "open house" at all their friends and neighbors on Saturday night and have given this hearty home welcome to many thousands of people-friends and including wayfaring strangers who are guests of neighbors. Amid music, flowers and sun-

shine, Mr. Snipes continues to sing as well as recite the lines of Longfellow-his fav-

All houses wherein men have lived and died Are haunted houses. Through the open doors

The harmless phantoms on their errands

glide, With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair, Along the passages they come and go, Impalpable impressions on the air, A sense of something moving to and fro.

The spirit-world around this world of sense Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense

A vital breath of more ethereal air.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of

light. Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd

Into the realm of mystery and night,-

So from the world of spirits there descends A bridge of light, connecting it with this, O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,

Wander our thoughts above the dark abvss.

CHARLES EDISON

The Son of Thomas A. Edison Finds in Mathew Arnold's "Self-Independence" a Reflection of his Father's Example

To me it seemed very logical to have Charles Edison-son of an illustrious father and President of the Thomas A. Edison Industries, name this strong bit of verse as his favorite, knowing that more than good taste and appreciation of good versification lies back of the choice. Charles Edison has proved that he valued and has expressed self independence. Before he became an employe in his father's business, he struck out for himself because he feared being made "soft"-feared that he would take life too easily and so lose the benefit O air-born voice! long since severely clear,

This son of the so-called "Wizard" was born in Llewellyn Park, West Orange in After his graduation from Technology at Boston, he refused a position with his father and went to work for the Boston Electric Light Company at fifteen dollars a week. After a time with a few dollars in his pocket he went West and worked in San Francisco.

During the war he directed several manufacturing companies turning out war materials and was chairman of the Liberty Loan organization in Orange, N. J.

"It is stimulating, working with my father," Charles Edison once said, "I have listened when Henry Ford and my father were talking of important things and I would not exchange that experience and privilege for anything."

Again he has said that the first duties given him at the Edison plant were not along his lines (that of an electric engineer) but his father told him "it just needs common sense." Using that common

sense, the son steadily climbed—always without special favor—from Chairman of the Board of Directors, to Operating Manager and to the office of President of the Industries. The climb has been difficult but stimulating. Speaking of his father's hard work, he once said, "He spends all day and most of the night with his machines and problems, but I think he is simply having a good time."

Always insisting that no special favors should be shown him, and showing that an active mind is behind an earnest, mobile and kindly face—one understands why his favorite poem is "Self Dependence."

Weary of myself, and sick of asking What I am, and what I ought to be, At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd
me,

Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more, " I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;

On my heart your mighty charm renew; Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you, Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful In what state God's other works may be, In their own tasks all their powers pouring, These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! longe since, severely clear, A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear: "Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

* * * LEVON WEST

The Young Prize-Winning Etcher Believes in Burrough's Interpretation of Nature as Well as Human Nature

In his New York studio I found Levon West hard at work with his steel needle on a bit of burnished copper. On the walls were the inspiring sketches of Joseph Pennell, his instructor, and also some by Whistler who was in turn Pennell's teacher. With the unerring touch of a true line young West was then making an etching that has proved one of the best sellers of the season. It was titled "The Sapling and the Pine" and was chosen by the jury as the best work of all the American etchers at the Albert and Victoria Museum in London to be held in 1929.

The very subject itself is a heart touch, for it was a reflection of childhood memories. His father is a minister and Sapling and Pine was the text of one of his sermons delivered when the son Levon was a small lad. Under the pine tree sits the figure of a young man in meditation and close beside him is a sapling, with its suggestion of growth.

Levon West was born in South Dakota in 1901 and attended the University of Minnesota. At an early age he began studying drawing and art having a natural inclination that came down to him doubtless through the family of his distinguished forbear, Benjamin West.

"Of all the poems that seem to get in and around my heart are the lines from John Burroughs. They make me feel closer to Nature and human nature as well.

Who has not had the feelings and emotions so wonderfully described by the 'Sage of Slabsides'."

Serene, I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea: I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays: For what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall know my face.

The friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my bark astray, Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years: My heart shall reap where it has sown And garner up the fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw The brook that springs in yonder heights. So flows the good with equal law Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky, The tidal wave unto the sea; Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high, Can keep my own away from me. "Waiting," by John Burroughs

The poem was brought forth from a cabinet of art treasures and handled as tenderly as a valuable manuscript or bond. Around it were the positive red lines that indicated that it had reached into the very heart blood of the young artist.

WALTER S. GIFFORD

The President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. says that Walt Whitman Has the Right Number for Him Every Time it comes to a Heart Throb

It was a sort of a Whitmanesque day when I called to see Walter S. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. From his office high up over the Hudson river and harbor of New York we had a sweeping survey of the country's metropolis to go with sweeping thought. He had evidently dispatched some very important business matters with his usual celerity and decision, and turning suddenly and half narrowing his eyes he continued:

"Let me see. Walt Whitman's lines come to me over and over again when I think of poetry or poetical expression. His lines seem to be all-pervading, for all time and space and his 'O Pioneer' appeals to us especially, when we are communing with Nature, but more especially when we are imprisoned within four city walls, longing for the refreshing breath of outdoors."

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in crder, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharpedged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here;
We must march, my darlings, we must bear
the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest of

depend, Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly
pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, Western youths, see you
Pioneers! O Pioneers!
tramping with the foremost,

Walter Sherman Gifford was born in the historic city of Salem, Massachusetts, where the artistic beauty of front doors of the houses are still the mad despair of artists and architects. These doors suggest pictures of old New England. Behind one of these doors on a bleak 10th of January in 1885 Nathan and Harriet Gifford welcomed a son. He was graduated at Harvard at twenty and within a short time after he was assistant secretary and treasurer of the Western Electric Company of Chicago. In 1911 he was the chief statistician and in 1919 vice-president. He succeeded William H. Thayer and Theodore N. Vail as president of the American Tel. and Tel. Co. in 1925. During the war he was the supervising director of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness of Naval Consulting Board and also director of the U.S. Council of National Defense and Advisory Commission at Washington. In 1918 he was secretary of the United States representation on Inter-Allied Munitions Council in Paris.

These are mere prosaic mentions of a notable career of a young American who reached the heights of executive eminence in his prime.

* * * HERBERT COREY

The Popular Author Finds Alluring Sentiment in "Old Grey Dominick"

"It is puzzling for me to settle upon one favorite poem as a "heart throb," said Herbert Corey, the author, "but somewhere in a time almost prehistoric when loud nocturnal noises, chicken fighting and close harmony under windows seemed feasible, I read the Ballad of the Old Grey Dominick" and the rhyme clings to my memory."

"I's got ar ole grey Dominick
Wut 's a mos' decepshous fowl
He mopes erround, or actin' sick
An sleepy as an owl,
But I got money yet to bet
Wid any man I meet
Dere aint a chicken of his weight
Can tip him off his feet. He ain't go more
pedigree
But of all de birds I ever see
He's de mos' decpshous fowl."

"Why should I remember it? I don't know," said Mr. Corey in his whimsical way, "the author is forgotten and I did not retain it for its moral or inspiring literary values, but it stuck!"

The active life of Herbert Corey has left him little time for memorizing poetry; he has seen many sides of life for he has been a cowboy, a stage driver and a sheep herder on the hills of Colorado and Wyoming. Those were the dizzy days when he was building for the activities of his chosen career.

Educated in the public schools of his native city,—Toledo, Ohio he soon launched into experiences and occupations with which we associate western life. Connected with various newspapers he began as correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer, travel correspondent for Associated newspapers and during the world war he was engaged as correspondent with the A. E. F. writing from France, Germany, Italy and Serbia.

Continued on page 377

The Interchange of Citizenship

A situation of interest in connection with the National Origins—The Tragedies of Ellis Island will never be re-enacted-Secretary James J. Davis has worked hard to accomplish to eliminate the hardships of the arriving emigrants

THE subject of immigration has generally been studied from one viewpoint-that of its effect upon our In this more advanced and humane age, the immigrant's own problem has been seriously considered and that has through various steps, led to the abandoning of Ellis Island.

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James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, who came to this country from Wales at the age of nine, has worked unremittingly upon the problem of immigration. Landing at Ellis Island as a boy, he knew all the pangs of a stranger in a strange-and none too welcoming-land. He saw his father seek work and establish his family in a community as unlike his native land as pos-That is why the question of employment wages, foreigners and all the troubles of aliens have been foremost in his interest. It must be a source of gratification to the secretary that this forward step of examination for admittance now takes place on board ship and the landing in America is no longer attended with the rigorous investigation and challenges that were so disheartening.

In prehistoric times tribes moved, largely for conquest, often driven by famine. They were moved by a common idea and always in a body. Sometimes it was a newly discovered country that seemed to hold out a promise of deliverance from wrongs; sometimes a tribe moved to seek grass for their stock. Millions moved from Central Asia: the Aryans, the Celts spread over Europe. The Semitic branch of the Aryans, the Jews, have been swept back and forth, far and wide. When the Turks and Arabs tried to invade the Crusaders drove them back and emigration in tribes came to an end.

It has been said that the Romans did not migrate. They sent groups to fortify their outposts, but these settlements were always subject to the rule of Roman headquarters. Other groups that really migrated were those led by a religious fervor such as the Pilgrims coming to America, the Hollanders to Manhattan. Mexico was the El Dorado of the Spaniards who did not come as did the Pilgrims bringing their families; they came for gain and adventure. Many groups were made up of the riff-raff of the Empire and while they might wear a religious coat, its folds often held the bandit's knife. Any adventurer who could buy a sword and secure passage came to the land of promise. Haiti has its story of wrongs through immigration of the same blood. Quakers, Huguenots and those who came in

the seventeenth century were groups moved by high ideals as were the Pilgrims. The Quakers especially worked with zeal to better the condition of the Indians-the only real Americans.

Almost incredible cruelty was practiced during the eighteenth century and slavery continued until 1819 when a law was passed that ended the sale of immigrants on their arrival. Hardships were endured and in Montreal there is a stone which bears a significant inscription-"Sacred to the memory of six thousand immigrants who

died of ship fever in 1847."

Since the early days, earnest men have worked on the problem of preserving the spirit of America as a home for the free and at the same time protecting the country against undesirable immigration. the movement of tribes and shiploads gave way to the coming of individuals, with individual interests, the troubles were not materially lessened. The new-comers hailed from China, from Mediterranean ports, from the Slavic countries and the Baltic mountains-unskilled in labor and there were laws passed that would give employment on railroads and canals. To cite the many efforts, the speech making in behalf of the immigrant, the protest of the government, the written articles and the various laws argued, passed and repealed is a history in itself.

Of late years the one viewpoint has engaged the attention of thinkers-and that is the imprint that is left upon our American life by the entrance of aliens. The wealth and power of America is much discussed and now, that wealth of human stock of which we are justly proud, has evolved into a more important carefully considered subject for along with the stanch elements of Pioneers and Pilgrims there has comethrough the desire for cheap labor-a class that contains an element of pauperism and lack of culture, often insanity and criminality, a people representing the poorest fringe of the countries from which immigration comes. There is the menace to be found in interbreeding. Several years before the World War there were more than a million immigrants coming in-unskilled in labor and representing the lower levels of European life. The Literacy Test of 1917 and the Quota Law of 1920 has been of benefit although, as with other stringent laws, it fell upon the just and the unjust.

A few amazing statistics are given by an anonymous writer in Harper's magazine of

last year. "In 1922 about one-eighth of the total population of the United States was foreign-born. This one-eighth furnished one-third of all the insane in our asylums, one-quarter of all the paupers in our almshouses, one-sixth of our prisoners in jail and penitentiaries. In 1925 there were more than twenty-three times as many murders per unit of population in the United States as in England. Pittsburg alone had as many murders as all of England; St. Louis had more than Wales and England and these cities are not sinners above all others. We led the world in highway robbery, burglary and other crimes."

And again the author says, "Vastly more important than the number of people in future America will be the quality and type of those people. Neither numbers, wealth, power, nor forms of government will determine our fate so completely as will the character of the citizens. * * * Judging from the history of other countries, where different races have been associated and have ultimately mixed, we may expect that within one hundred years all national, racial and color lines in this country will vir-

tually disappear."

It is from this and standpoints of a similar character that the subject of immigration has stirred the country-rather than from the fate of those coming here for opportunity. Now, it seems that the immigrant is studied with a view to his advancement for it is natural to suppose that his hardships in this new country are largely responsible for his downward course. Arriving without a trade, with little or no knowledge of the language, with absolutely no knowledge of our customs, traditions and ideals, the alien has little chance to gain what he came for and, thrown back into the lower levels of our city life, he takes the path of least resistance or becomes a rebel to law and order. Opportunity there may be on every hand, but if he does not know the path leading thereto, he is apt to stray into the mire.

It is a most hopeful step that examination of fitness now takes place before the emigrant leaves his own country and having passed the test he arrives-not as a challenged undesirable-but as a self-respecting person bent upon bettering his

Eliminating the tragedies of Ellis Island is a most significant event and it tells the story of a more intelligent and human plane reached by the government, in the interchange of citizenship.

George P. Metzger, Author of "Copy"

The well-known advertising authority has written a book that foreshadowed modernized "Copy" in later day advertising which was the outgrowth of a varied experience touching many phases of modern publicity

7 HAT a pleasant thing it is to have a friend bob up unexpectedly as the author of a book that has hit the target in its objective! When the bell rings we feel like cheering. As I read on through the pages and noted the record and results of incidents and events with which I was familiar, I felt as if I was right there when it was written. After an interim of-I'll not say how many years-"I ran across"-as the saying goes-a book titled "Copy." It was a book that I had heard many talking about, but I put off reading it all unconscious of having known the author in early days. Later I felt a more personal interest in hearing the commendations.

George P. Metzger, vice-president and co-founder with Joseph A. Hanff, of Hanff-Metzger, Incorporated, had previously served six years as advertising manager for the Columbia Phonograph Company in New York at a time when it took real advertising to start sales and sell talking machines. The priorities to this eminence is a life record in itself; for he began as a printer's devil on the Lynn, Mass., Bee, and then assumed the dignity of a compositor, who knew his "p's and q's" when the distinction of becoming a proofreader on the Springfield, Mass. Republican was thrust upon him-and that was some distinction in the days of Samuel Bowles.

As a manufacturer and salesman of bicycle tires and typewriters for several years, he acquired some fundamental ideas on modern motor cars and business equipment. Aspiring to a place in the advertising world, he played a large part in the successful development of the Wanamaker's Book Clubs and the merchandising of Ridpath's History of the World. Then came his one big splash in the public eye, as the art director of Everybody's Magazine, when they were running Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" and the circulation was bounding forward by hundreds of thousands.

A change of venue was indicated when he was looking after the advertising of Force Food Company at Buffalo in a virile way and teaching the world how to eat cereal at breakfast. Finally after this he thought he had reached the seat of the mighty at one bound, for he became Copy chief of the Ben Hamption Advertising Agency. From there we complete the circle to the Columbia Phonograph experience, which marked his entrance into the big things of the everwidening advertising horizon.

This summary of records is the salient of George P. Metzger's working career; a long and richly varied apprenticeship, every

detail of which has had its effective part in equipping him with his knowledge, experience and understanding of men and merchandising—for he has strongly developed the gift of assimilation and retention of facts.

As a writer his work carries the hitting power of a steam hammer, plus sparkle. It is human and sincere and convincing because



George P. Metzger of the Hanff-Metzger Company, the author of the famous book christened "Copy"

back of the man's brilliance of expression there is always a groundwork of fact and certainties.

George P. Metzger, who in 1913 resigned the Advertising Managership of the Columbia Phonograph Company to form the Hanff-Metzger advertising agency, is a splendid type of the new spirit in American advertising.

On principle, he runs straight. Incidentally he has about the same capacity for being tired as a dynamo. Also, and essentially, he invariably knows what he's doing and how it's going to be done.

He has a genius for starting things and a habit of finishing anything he starts. By the time he was thirteen years old he knew the difference between an em-quad and a shooting-stick. By the time he would have been going to college—had he been going—he knew how to mend bicycles and he was taking a graduating course in the more or less gentle art of typewriter salesmanship.

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As advertising man his biggest successes have been reached with books, shoes, motion pictures, motor oil and gasoline, cigars and tobacco, locks and hardware, cereals, musical instruments and dictating machines. A large part of that success is the very thorough knowledge he has of printing and engraving-he is a practical man in both subjects; he learned them by active work, not by reading a book. He is a specialist in the designing of trademarks; as a writer he turns out stuff that has the point of a bayonet and the hitting force of a rifle butt. His English is the kind of which Macauley himself would not have been ashamed-it carries the punch and is free from slang-which is the brand of literature that is the real advertising man's ideal. He backs up virile copy with layouts that have become famous for strength, clarity and effect-layouts that are a good deal rarer than even good copy. He knows enough about art to direct an art staff sanely and effectively-and that helps a whole lot in advertising.

But human nature is his long suit. Today George P. Metzger will give you pretty accurate advance information as to the attitude of the prospect toward most anything that is salable. He has that instinct for knowing beforehand just about what the attitude of any given class of people will be toward any given proposition. That is one instinct that does not grow. It has to be built.

In strictly scientific parlance, the understanding that it brings is psychology, and Metzger has it.

He succeeds because he gets straight to the other man's point of view. It does not matter whether the other "man" be a farmer or a candy salesman, the mother of a family or an artist's model. If that other person has any point of view at all, George P. Metzger gets it. And once you learn how to do that, you know, you're a salesman. In that, he is as good an example as you may find of the new advertising man. He works on the assumption that vision is more important than vocabulary.

He is writer, teacher, analyst, psychologist: and all these things he bends toward the one point—selling.

That same keenness of vision in estimating human nature has stood him in good stead in other ways, too. As Advertising Manager of the Columbia Phonograph Company he gathered a crew of young men who were possibly the most in-

tensely loyal staff that a manager ever had. So far as was visible to the naked eye, his principal method of treatment was to work them to the limit of endurance and then to find faults where another might have radiated gratitude and satisfaction. He has had the cure for faults. Strenuous though his handling of men may be, that crew, to a man, worshipped him, swore by him and called him "chief" as though they meant it—which they did.

He picked out a stock-broker's errand boy, an ex-oysterman, and an alien immigrant who had been newspaper-man, soldier, convict, dish-washer and bartender. Also an exuberant young expressman who had been fired from his last job for committing assault and battery and an ambitious young man who had intended to be a mariner, and he made them into a homogeneous advertising corps. Only a born organizer could have produced a real department staff from such material.

He has ideals and he steers by principles. This in a way tells how Metzger came by his Point of View.

The faculty of putting yourself in the other man's place may be inborn, but the habit of doing it is only formed by doing it. It is a matter not of genius but of disposition—and of opportunity and experience.

Get any four men together—of diverse ages, education, occupations, and character—and bring Metzger into the discussion. It is illuminating to observe the certainty with which he grasps the point of view of each.

Experience did it—an experience of continuous contact with all sorts of people—and an open mind behind two open eyes and ears.

If you happen to ask Metzger how it is that he feels so sure as to how a proposed message to the physician will impress the medical profession, he may tell you of one year's day-and-night with a practising physician. If the message is for the non-union unskilled laborer-he was one. If for the unionized skilled mechanic-he was one. If for the youngster groping for his right place in the world-he was one. If for the small merchant-he was one. And so on. Born in Kansas-half German and half Down-East Yankee, raised in Massachusetts, necessity gave him viewpoint opportunities fairly early. Out of school hours he helped make shoes, peddled home-made

yeast and cared for horses. He was eleven when he secured a job as assistant stablehand and got fired for permitting one of the valuable horses to step on his bare foot. This all preceded his seven years' apprenticeship as printer's devil.

It is a queer conspiracy of events that produces a real advertising man. He must have been ground pretty hard in the maelstrom of business before he gets that peculiar, sure instinct which marks the expert from the amateur. Conceive, for example, the tremendous handicap that the best educated university man would labor under if one such was permitted to attempt to qualify for a copy-coöperation with George P. Metzger. He might be quite a quick-witted, scholarly type and yet never come within miles of the point of view he prizes as indispensable, namely, that swift and sympathetic apprehension of the everyday life of the everyday American, of his joys and fears, and of how he is working hard so that he may retire not too late in life and live in the country and go fishing, and enjoy all that ripe harvest of respect and affection which should be the lot of every decent man in his declining years. This sort of thing reads a bit sentimental, but it's the very soul of America, and an advertising man is useless if he's not "on" to it. That's Metzger's long suit. He has the most extraordinary faculty of putting himself in the other fellow's shoes, and telling exactly the way he will feel, and quite probably the way he will act, in a given set of circumstances. That very thing is Metzger's success, and it is the nearest thing to magic an advertiser can have any use for.

When I began to write my comments on his book I found others had said it better than I can say it and had anticipated just what I wanted to say, so here it is:

Every page of his book "COPY" is copy.

The average writer would have padded each chapter to the limit of the book. This book is boiled.

Students of advertising would profit by this book, but its appeal to the mature is unmistakable.

takable.

Read it through at one sitting for the enjoyment of it—its free style, its sparkling wit, its surprising and picturesque similes. Then read it one chapter a day for its practical usefulness.

George P. Metzger—he is an all-round advertising man if there ever was one. He can survey an advertising and marketing possibility, surround it, pin it

down, and work out a sound plan, sketch the rough layouts with speed and completeness, follow through with the artist and engraver, write the copy and see it through to its typographical likeness including errorless proofreading, carry the proof through the client's O.K., and be on the next job at once. If that next job is to address a group of salesmen, he will do it in their own language—binding no spells but building up an understanding and reliance that may not have been there before.

This is not a book on how to write copy or how to sell merchandise. It is not a book of rules, not a compilation of examples. It contains no data, no statistics. It is a compact two-hour discussion of matter pertaining to copy and selling by a man who himself pertains to both subjects.

The advertising profession may well take pride in the fact that such a book has been written by an advertising man in-

been written by an advertising man instead of by—well, G. K. Chesterton.

Metzger is well known in advertising as a most versatile and prolific and resourceful "idea-man" — responsible for many complete and successful sales plans, for many familiar trademarks and trade names, and slogans innumerable, as well as for an enormous yearly output of copy that gets published, stands out, and does its work.

Metzger—they call him "Chief"—and they do well to call him Chief who for so long has done so many things so well. "COPY" is the condensed conversation

"COPY" is the condensed conversation of a man whose eyes have always seen what they looked at, whose rapid thinking has always nevertheless been sane, who reaches up with both hands to pull down ideas wherever he is, and yet has a rare power of concentration. He is an admirable exemplification of the theory that advertising is a profession.

Any man who directs sales of anything is sure to find something in "COPY" that will make him say "That exactly what I have always said". Any man who sells anything to anybody will sell better to everybody for digesting any one of a dozen different presentations in this book. Any man who sells anything to parents of children will get his time's-worth out of one chapter—"Ostensibly to the Children."

Any man who has anything to do with the O.K. of advertising copy, or with the boiling-down of it, or with the criticism of it, or with the writing of it, will find himself reaching for his pencil before the third page and making marginal marks. It is that kind of book.

A "Close up" of President Gomez of Venezuela Continued from page 364

ory the majesty of Nature's tropical splendors which passing years will not efface.

Venezuela has produced many talented men whose lives are full of honor—such men as would stand pre-eminent anywhere —scholars, professional and business men. In Science, Art and Literature they have shown rare accomplishments.

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The people of Venezuela are extremely gracious and hospitable and the characteristic Latin politeness is most noticeable everywhere. Their extreme courtesy and moral safe-guards are a great protection to the home as well as a good indication of a highly cultured people. Their refinement is inbred and close contact with them invari-

ably commands high regard. They appreciate, to the fullest, the society of good friends.

The women of this country are among the most beautiful in the world. Their grace of manner and their sweetness of speech make them most charming. The social life is on a par with the best anywhere. The ladies are its chief ornament.

Venezuela offers unlimited possibilities for every kind of out-door recreation. It beckons to you with every lure within the gift of Nature. To motor over the finest roads on the globe is the privilege of the visitor. Mountains, glorious and inspiring rise to meet you at every turn. The land-

scapes are truly beautiful. Wherever the eye may rest it is one continuous garden of unsurpassed beauty. Almost every turn of your automobile presents a new picture.

The magnificent view of mountain, valley and sea is most glorious, beautiful beyond description. Its appeal to the lover of the open country is strong. The climate is unsurpassed and the endless number of semitropical shrubs and trees, stately palms, glorious poinsettias and rare orchids are here in profusion. Out-door sports of all kinds can be enjoyed throughout the year—golf, tennis, hunting, horse racing, bull fighting, cock fighting, boating—all in a country within a few days of New York.

General Feng, The Spartan Hero of China

A Glimpse of the Career of General Feng Yu Hsiang, called the Cromwell of China—A Record of of some of the Triumphs of Peace which he has accomplished with his arm

By CHUNG P. LUM

NOWN as the Christian General, the Cromwell of China, and China's Stonewall Jackson, General Feng Yu Hsiang is at the moment the minister of war as well as vice-president of the Chinese Republic. At the time he began to attract attention his famous brigade had 20,000 men, its normal strength being about 6,000 including officers. It is also a common matter to hear him called "The Defender of Peking"

General Feng is said by some to be definitely and devoutly an Episcopalian, others claim him a Methodist. As a boy, he believed in Buddhism because his mother did, but it did not overcome her illness, and in spite of his prayers to Buddha she died. After that he went to a missionary school which, no doubt, had something to do with his acceptance of Christianity. When in 1912 he was condemned to death by Chinese doctors he was cured by a Christian physician, hence his faith in this religion became more deeply rooted. In his own camp biblical instructions are never forgotten, for at twelve o'clock (noon) a gun is fired and his men gather outside their various quarters for half an hour of Biblical reading and prayer. On every trip that Feng makes, far or near, his small black Scripture accompanies him.

His army is entirely his own creation. His soldiers make their own uniforms in the factories, troops are recruited from the farms, and all officers below the rank of captain eat the same food. Officials lower than general take the same severe physical exercises, starting early in the morning, and the rules of modern athletics are followed at all times. This routine has been adhered to since 1922 when Feng became Inspector General of the National Army. The man is very democratic and popular too. Upon his election as governor of Honan he put a ban on automobiles, he wiped out gambling and drink, he abolished houses of prostitution, and even went so far as to warn women of the wealthier class against wearing silk. He forbade foot-binding, closed theatres, and with the help of his soldiers supported a Methodist church.

In the first three years of army duty men are taught the fundamentals, after which they are allowed to learn a trade; textile mills, machine and tailoring shops, tanning, agriculture, wood working, and the wickerware industries are open to them. As early as 1923 Chinese schools were established for the wives of soldiers, crafts were taught them, and the training of their children was not overlooked nor neglected. Many of these people Feng himself supported. The women were permitted to attend schools for

their general education by day, and had the privilege of learning their crafts at night if that best suited their purpose.

Every soldier must carry his Bible and hymnal in which hymns are translated into Chinese. Through the sacred music principles to be followed in the use of weapons are instilled. The Sunday hymnal is religious; that for the week-day material. Feng regards his soldiers as a police force too, and they have imprisoned marauders over-zealous in their hunt for Chinese souvenirs.

The boy Feng Yu Hsiang joined the army when very young. He was born of poor parents in the Au-Hui province in 1880. Floods swept away all that the family had, and in beggary he made his way to Paotingfu in the North. The child had no educational advantages and at eighteen he entered the army as a private. So early in his life he had ample good sense and a splendid physique. Today the man is tall, measuring six feet, strong, and stolid; he works methodically, apparently without excitement, and yet at high tension. In many respects he is child-like and displays childlike fancies, compensatory doubtless for his lost youth.

Unquestionably because of his own difficulties as a boy soldier he has a way with his own men. General Feng goes in for the Spartan life, trains his men for good citizenship, and prefers raw recruits to those who have had any training at all, for he claims that those who have had a taste of army life are the ones who usually turn "bandit." He insists that every man should be able to read his own language hence the importance of devoting three years to the fundamentals, and when they have learned their respective trades each one has something to think about after leaving the army, and he is equipped for emergencies. There are battalions of boot-makers, tailors, and so on, and the men are eager and interested. At the termination of his army service each soldier is given a rifle as insurance against banditry.

General Feng's personality carries weight with it, and we are told that not one of his charges indulges in alcohol and tobacco. His ideas are entirely modern and he certainly knows how to train soldiers. His aim is threefold: discipline, orderly military camps, modern military methods.

It has been uttered universally by those who actually know him that General Feng Yu Hsiang was the one stable influence in China during the days of upheaval. He wished to free his country from bondage and from the domination of outsiders when the Russians saw fit to guide the destiny

of China's millions, before Borodin was asked to leave for his home.

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When in the spring of 1922 Feng defeated the Manchurian Army at Peking he converted, by reason of his influence, some 12,000 men to Christianity. Wherever he has been one finds traces of his accomplishments. His military subordinates that are left in authority carry on his same policyinaugurate an era of good government. build better roads, and attend to the law, order, and education of the inhabitants. Up to 1924 the only Chinese who trained for American football were in Feng's army. He receives much from his men because of his respect for them, and just as Cromwell did he teaches his soldiers to pray and keep their powder dry, but like Stonewall Jackson he instructs in shooting straight and

Feng Yu Hsiang has married twice. After the death of his first wife he became the husband of a Y.W.C.A. student secretary, a capable and cultured woman. It was whispered at the time of this marriage that his movements were hurried in order to avoid the embarrassment of a diplomatic proposal to marry the daughter of Tsao Kun, a former and short-time president of China.

It was really General Feng who demanded of Chiang Kai-shek at Suchow in 1927 that Michael Borodin be dismissed from the Hankow government, for while the former believed in the Communist party having the right to participate in the Kuomintang revolution, he did so only according to Dr. Sun's principles in combination with all China's principles, and not to dominate the nation.

Wherever General Feng happens to be, there the working day is of the twelve-hour variety, he has muscle aplenty, and is a man of extremely simple tastes. He dislikes display of any kind, save perhaps military, and he carries his treatise on military tactics along with him. When he commands, those about him do not tarry, nevertheless, he is quiet and leisurely, and strolls about followed by his servants. He disdains automobiles and carriages, but enjoys his bicycle. "My people cannot afford to ride in automobiles," he says, should I?" In spite of his sternness he has a taste for jokes and delights to play pranks. He has made a strong attempt to put an end to the use of opium; just how successful he has been is a question.

Everyone will admit that Feng is unusually daring. Last year the Nanking government wished to build a road to the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat Sen from the centre of the city, and to do a thing of this kind would

have involved the destruction of thousands of homes. Incidentally, the government had not meant to make any reparation for these losses. The people complained among themselves but each one feared to speak out. Finally Feng, their friend, arose in their defence, and sent forward this message, "Would Dr. Sun who was a friend to the people wish to see 2,000,000 homeless sufferers on earth just to have a road built to his memorial?" The people ultimately received their damages. General Feng was powerful by virtue of his position and so assumed the liberty to voice his opinion.

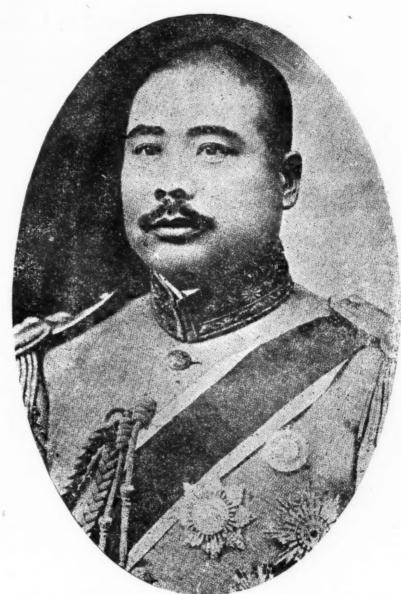
Many stories, hardly overdrawn, are told of the man's fine spirit. One, for example, goes in this wise: When his headquarters were in Honan he met a poor man in the street and spoke to him. Dressed as an ordinary soldier he was not easily recognized, so the general asked the citizen whom he considered a great man in China. The poor man said to him, "I dream to meet General Feng for he is great, brave, and honest." Then the answer, "I am General Feng." Surprised, the man knelt down and bowed his head. Feng did likewise and called him brother.

Once he saw a blind man crying in the streets. Stopping him, Feng asked, "Why do you cry?" "I have lost my only son," was the rejoinder. "He was killed in Feng's army." "I am sorry, that was my crime, for I am Feng," the general acknowledged. Then he added, "If you wish a son, let me become one to you."

In 1926 when General Feng spoke before a gathering of soldiers in Nanking he included this remark: "Every officer should get up early in the morning to carry water and to buy food. His wife herself should cook and set an example to the people." Whenever necessity forces Feng to ride in a motor car he chooses the seat beside the chauffeur. On the occasion of the wedding celebration of a mayor of Nanking who spent in the neighborhood of \$10,000 on pomp, splendor, and banqueting, Feng, knowing how the people were suffering from poverty, actually instigated his removal from office on that account. In Honan he built houses, about 20,000 small ones to shelter the poor, and for those who were unable to pay much, the rent was low. To those who were at a total loss for funds he gave work. His ideal was to make every man independent, and in order to set the example for all those throughout China, "I must see that first of all I give my own people a place to live and sleep. If the Kuomintang cannot do this they should not say that they have the people's interests at heart."

It is said that Feng's mother-in-law, a wealthy woman, sent his wife a silk robe, but Feng objected to her wearing it, so she resorted to the dominant cotton one. Quoting from the Peking Leader of November 1925 he strongly believes "in the spirit of

This man, a paragon of executives who honestly has the interests of his people and country at heart, wishes to make China a



General Feng Yu Hsiang, Vice-President and Commander of the Armies of the Republic of China

coöperation, in sacrificing all party principles, and working with one heart and soul for the protection of the country—those with intelligence to use their ability, and those with valor to use their strength. When this is done our object may be attained."

real republic by educating all the people and removing all influences hostile to a republic; he believes in promoting self-government with a constitution, and entirely eradicating Socialism and Communism. He means to maintain peace in the country by coöperation and not through fighting.



The Poet's Corner

The Surgeon

BY KATE DOWNING GHENT

WITHIN hospital walls White-clad nurses Tiptoe along corridors, Where the sweet, clean scent of disinfectants, Mingling with the odor of anesthetics, Permeates the air. In the operating room A man in white surgical attire Stands looking out the window . . Waiting . . . A door opens, He turns, as an apparent lifeless form Is wheeled in on a stretcher. A life is hanging in the balance; With gentle hands the surgeon explores . Then the knife . O God! how deeply he cuts . . . Without the twitch of a nerve He labors to save a human life. With his wonderful brain Trained to command every nerve and muscle; The strong, capable gentle hands Perform a miracle . . . A door opens. The room cleared . . . Again the surgeon stands, for a few minutes, Looking out the window . . . Waiting . . . I wonder . Does he see the blue, blue sky, Where the soft white clouds are lazily floating-Or is he looking At the boys playing across the way? Does he tire of gray hospital walls And wish for care-free days. To spend in the great out-of-doors? Does he feel the call of the open road And would he love to wander Adown the Gypsy Trail To the land of Hearts Desire? Does he long for music, gaiety, And companionship, Where low, happy laughter is heard, And no one complains of suffering, And no one speaks of pain? . . .

I wonder . . .
Then I see the surgeon
When the day's work is over—
His step is a little slow,
A toll has been demanded of his strength, his skill;
Unfaltering he has paid.

He lifts his hat and smiles,
And as I look into the kind, gentle eyes,
Made sad with a constant gaze upon distress,
I wonder no longer,
For I read in their depths of an all-consuming

For I read in their depths of an all-consuming love—

A love for his work. A life of service Devoted to suffering humanity— His very humaneness producing something Superhuman, Holding in leash the vagrant wishes And the longing for pleasant paths. Master of his soul! Spirit of renunciation!

Mitzi-Margaret

SIX years ago today
The sun was bright and gay,
And on his merriest ray
Came down from Heaven; they say:
A tiny baby-may,
Just like a cherub-fay,
Within our house to stay—
To grow and talk and play.
We took her for our pet—
This Mitzi-Margaret.

And as she older grew
She learned things fresh and new,
She raced the winds that blew;
Across the rocks she flew—
Her step was firm and true
Or barefoot or in shoe;
She mingled with the crew
Of birds and wild things, too.
Her face—a rose in hue,
One would not soon forget
This Mitzi-Margaret.

And now she's six years old And worth her weight in gold Or diamonds manifold; Yet we'd not be cajoled To let her from the fold Be given away or sold, So nice is she to hold, To kiss, to teach, to mould In lovely ways (not scold)! For what she may be told She never will forget—This Mitzi-Margaret.

And she will keep on growing,
Keep asking, learning, knowing,
For Time is always flowing—
A river seaward flowing
Whereon our boats are rowing;
An air-stream ever blowing
Small weed or flower seeds sowing
For good or evil showing,
As Fate may be bestowing.
May there be no regret
For Mitzi-Margaret!

There will be storms and rains, All joys contrast with pains, And losses count with gains; Yet something good remains. Hot tears dissolve dark stains, Amid the sand are grains Of glittering gold; flat plains Reach mountains fair; when wanes The daylight, stars are set For Mitzi-Margaret! Today the sun is bright,
And every ray of light
Brings in its arrowy flight
A word of love to write
On Mitzi's heart; the white
Salt foam of waves that smite
The rocks with windy might
A love-verse seem to indite,
The sea's black depths, the height
Of pearly clouds, invite
All things to pay Love's debt
To Mitzi-Margaret.

-Nathan Haskell Dole

Challenge

By Anna Zuker, in the New York Times Life, you have struck the work of my hands; The pieces are irretrievably shattered, The days and the months that I builded are gone—

My toil and my agony have not mattered.

Life, you have struck, but you have not slain; Wait. Only wait. I shall build again. I am strong.

Love, you have thrust a sword through my heart.

What is it to you that I gave and gave? Pierced and bleeding and pinned to the wall, Do you think that still there is nought to save?

Held up by the sword, I am not slain. Wait, Love, wait; I shall build again. I am strong.

Death, are you watching with lifted scythe?
Why do you pause? I am not afraid—
Like an unmown field I await your stroke;
Come forth! You need seek no ambuscade!

What does it matter though I be slain? Mayhap, Sir Death, I shall build again. I am strong.

The Heart of Friendship

Here's to the heart of friendship, tried and true,

That laughs with us when joys our pathway strew:

And kneels with us when sorrow, like a pall, Enshrouds our stricken souls; then smiles through all

The midnight gloom with more than human faith.

Here's to the love that seeks not self, and hath

No censure for our frailty, but doth woo, By gentle arts, our spirits back into The way of truth; then sheds upon our lives A radiance that all things else survives.

Melchisedic

By Dr. Robert Norwood

I am a priest upon whose head God long ago poured holy oil; He gave to me a Word and said: "With this thou shalt mankind assoil!"

Since I went forth God to obey, Life has revealed me many things— I find it very hard to say What is most dear: The task that brings

Bread to the eater, or the rest That follows toil; the love of friends, Of books, of song,—each is most bless And always with contentment blends.

A stone, a faggot or a flower; A bird in rapture of its flight; December-snow or April-shower; The velvet vastness of the night,

When Mother Moon has left the stars And with the winds gone gossiping— Or leans upon the gate that bars Dawn from untimely entering.

These hold for me unending charm, Fill me with wonderment and awe That men should ever think of harm, Fencing their lives about with law.

The world is such a lovely place— A jewelled pendant on Love's chain! I marvel that a human face Should pale with anger or with pain.

I marvel at the cry for bread That thunders round the waking world; The tunult of the legion's tread That shakes the earth, as souls are hurled

In battle to destroy the souls God grew in His great garden, when He won past all His other goals— Triumphant at the birth of men!

Who can behold the dance of Dawn— Juggling with stars like tinselled bells, Vestured in mantle of a wan, White glory whose dim splendour falls

Upon the mountains; and not feel Himself transcendant? Who can hear Clangour of wild birds and the peal Of matin-bells across the clear,

Blue sky, commingling with the shout Of children on their way to school, And fail at once to be about God's business?—As within a pool

You are reflected, Nature shows The miracle of what you are— The highest that Creation knows: Lord of the earth and every star!

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I am a priest upon whose head God long ago poured holy oil; He gave to me a Word and said: "With this thou shalt mankind assoil!"

I come from out the Holy Place With benediction for the earth, To wipe the tears from every fa And tell the fallen one his worth

My business is to be a priest Whose holy task is to forgive, To bid the beggar to the feast, To touch the dead and make them live.

I know not any fear of thrones, No claim of Scribe and Pharisee; My word is set to many tones Of lute and harp and psaltery.

I have no temple and no creed, I celebrate no mystic rite; The human heart is all I need Wherein I worship day and night:

The human heart is all I need, For I have found God ever there— Love is the one sufficient creed, And comradeship the purest prayer!

I bow not down to any book, No written page holds me in awe; For when on one friend's face I look I read the Prophets and the Law!

I need no fountain filled with blood To cleanse my soul from mortal sin; For love is an unbounded flood— Freely I go to wash therein.

Love laughs at boundaries of wrath And is as infinite as God: Breaks down each wall, finds out each path Where wilful, straying feet have trod.

Love is the Word God gave and said: "With it thou shalt mankind assoil?" Then forthwith poured upon my head Anointing of His holy oil!

from "The Piper and the Reed," by Robert Norwood (Doran, 1917)

States United (Flag Song)

Emblem of our mighty nation, Flag of freedom evermore, Waving o'er our land forever. Stars and stripes we all adore. States United, States United, Precious flag, red, white and blue, Glorious flag of the brave and true.

Constellation bright and glorious, Stars for all our sovereign states, Stripes of red and white victorious-Liberty within our gates. States United, State United, Precious flag, red, white and blue, Glorious flag of the brave and true.

God of nations bless our country, Homeland of our fathers bless, Shine upon our flag, "Old Glory,"
Give us peace and happiness. States United, States United, Precious flag, red, white and blue, Glorious flag of the brave and true. Frederick D. Lamb.

(Copyright 1927 by Frederick D. Lamb)

When I Am Laid Below the Hill

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

When I am laid below the hill
I pray you, friend, that you shall not
Increase my virtues, if you will,
Nor let my faults be all forgot;
But think of me as with you yet,
The good and bad there is of me—
For truly I shall not forget
In whatsoever place I be.

Nor tears, nor sighs, that I am dead; But rather that you sing and smile And tell some favored jest, instead,
As though I heard you all the while—
For I shall hear you, and shall see,
And know if you be blithe or sad,
For I shall keep and hold with me
The golden moments we have had.

But will miss me? Aye, forsooth, The very thing I'd have you do, For in that stranger land, in truth, I also shall be missing you.

Yet life is such a goodly thing,
Blent of the bitter and the sweet, That I would rather we should cling To all the gladness we may meet.

When I am laid below the hill, When I am laid below the hill,
Go back as though I walked with you,
And sing our brave old ballads still,
And laugh as we are wont to do.
Across the little gap that bars
I shall take this fair memory—
And you on this side of the stars
Will then still be the friend of me.

From "The Paths of Long Ago." (Published by Reilly & Co., Chicago)

* "Raining Violets"

I could not see till I was blind Then music, color, light Came floating in on every wind And noon day was at night.

-

I could not hear till I was dead, Then through the wet and mold A rose breathed softly overhead; I heard a violet.

-ROBERT LIVERMORE.

Mamminga

(A lay of Old Japan, with a Boston setting, the whole varnished with the Brush of Truth).

y of Old Japan, with a Boston setting, the with the Brush of Truth).

Where the East with glare and glamor Casts a spell around the soul,—
Where the mists of long-dead centuries Down the aisles their vapors roll Till the senses are enveloped With the Romance of the Clime And the very air is breathing Through the lungs of buried Met I maiden at the sunrise In a Vale in Old Nippon Stepping like a vision holy Thro' the early Gates of Dawn; Then and there in rapturous fervor Knelt I prostrate at her shrine And in words that breathed my spirit Begged the maiden to be mine:—
"Daughter of the Gods!" I murmured, "Look with pathos upon me.—
Fate has brought me to your Kingdom From the far-off Western Sea."
Like a Sprite from place enchanted Knelt she down and took my hand And in accents soft and lowly Welcomed me to Lotus Land. And for moons I wooed this maiden Who meant Heaven on Earth for me And I kissed the ground she trod on 'Neath the feathery Bamboo Tree.' Twas the trysting place we'd chosen Where we both could be alone To woo and coo in secrecy With an ardor all our own. My Mamminga, I should tell you, Sprang from ancient Samurai, Her's the blood of noble sires Flowing from a far-past day; On the altars of the Shinto She her pure oblations laid While I humbly knelt beside her In the Temple built of Jade. Ah! my bliss was joy supernal,—Happiest I of Sons of Men Until Sady Kau' came forward With his twice five hundred yen, And alas! my sweet Mamminga,—False Mamminga then to me,—Met no more her Western lover 'Neath the feathery Bamboo Tree.' Twas a Shinto priest who told me She's gone off with Sady Kau,—As he clasped my hand in pity Sure I think I see him now; "Go, my Son!" the good man faltered, "Get thee back across the Sea, Think no more of fair Mamminga Nor the feathery Bamboo Tree."

So I left the East behind me So I left the East behind me And the glamor of Japan, And I turned my footsteps Westward, A forlorn and lonely man; Shattered was my Eastern Romance, Broken was Love's fairy urn, And my faith in Woman left me,— It shall nevermore return.

What—you ask—of fair Mamminga?—Did I see her face again?
I will tell you, though the telling
Wakens memories of pain;
Yes! I saw the false Mamminga—
Daughter of the Samurai—
In a four-room Flat in Boston
On a cold December day;
But how changed the Flower of Nippon!
There was Care upon her brow,
For six 'kids' were crying 'round her
And each bore the name of Kau.
Speech had I with sad Mamminga,—
As her dream-eyes gazed on me And each bore the name of Rau.
Speech had I with sad Mamminga,—
As her dream-eyes gazed on me
Well I knew that she was thinking
Of the feathery Bamboo Tree.
"What of Mr. Kau?" I asked her.
"Is he all that you could wish?"
"Ach!" she muttered, "my man, poor man,
Maks a liv by peddling fish."
Ah! ye Gods of Fushiyama!
What a trick for Fate to play!
Sady Kau a fish-man peddler!
And his wife a Samurai!
In a shame-faced way she asked me
To take tea with Sady Kau,—
"Won't you come?" she softly flattered,
While a blush suffused her brow.
I declined her invitation,
I was right, you will agree,—
There are no bamboos in Boston,
And I like a Bamboo Tree.
—JOSEPH DEVLIN, M

(Nippon, that is, Japan, literally 'land of the rising sun.' Samurai, the ancient knighthood of Japan; in feudal days members of the soldier class of the lower nobility. Shinto or Shintoism, worship of ancestors, the religion of the upper classes. Jade, a dark-green silicate from which temple ornaments and some of the temples are constructed. Yen, a coin value about fifty cents. Lotus, the flower of Buddha, the sacred blossom of Japan which is frequently alluded to as Lotus Land).

-JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.A.

* Kau-pronounced as cow.



Tickleweed and Feathers



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Bill: "So you rode around with the Prince of Wales when you were in England?"

Tom: "Yes, we were thrown together a great deal."-Selected.

Had Horace Greeley lived today he would no doubt have advised the youth of the land to go West and blow up with the country.-Selected.

-

Mother (to badly bruised son): "Didn't I tell you to count a hundred before you started fighting?"

Son: "Yes, but Jack's mother told him only to count fifty.

Souvenir Hunter

"Mother, was your name Pullman before you were married?"

"No dear. Why do you ask?"

.

"Well, I just wondered. I see that name on a lot of our towels."-Selected.

Flaming Youth

An eminent visitor was addressing the students of a high school. He paused and asked: "Would anyone like to ask a question?

"Yes, sir," answered an irrepressible youth. "Have you seen the new Ford?" -Selected.

John-"What do you mean, dear, when you say I've been deceiving you for

Helen-"I've just found out that you get \$2,000 allowance on your income tax return for being married, and you only give me a miserable \$10 a week."

Father: "When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Son: "When he was your age he was president of the United States.

Bootblack (looking at tan shoes)-Light

Absent-minded Prof .- A nice piece of the breast would be fine.-Selected.

-Laugh That Off if You Can

"You say you don't believe in evolution?"

"I certainly don't."

"Well, how about the cigarette that has developed from a coffin nail into a cough drop?"-Selected.

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster and fell into a fit of confusion on hearing the hostess say to her husband:

"'How inattentive you are, Charlie. You must look after Mr. Blank better. He's helping himself to everything."— Selected.

Bored Friend (to very cautious driver) "I say, don't you find it thrilling to sit gripping the wheel while the kids on scooters whiz by?-Selected.

The Upholstered Variety

Diner: "Waiter, what kind of meat is

Waiter: "Spring lamb, sir."

Diner: "I thought so. I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour."

The late J. T. Harahan, former president of the Illinois Central Railroad, was sitting in his office one day, when a burly Irishman entered his office.

"Me name's O'Brien," said he. "Oi want a pass to St. Louis. Oi worruk in th' ya-r-ds."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said Mr. Harahan. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again."

At the end of the hour back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired:

"Are-re yez Mr. Harahan?"

"Me name is Patrick O'Brien. Oi've been workin' out in th' yar-r-ds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. O'Brien. can I do for you?"

"Yez can go to h-l. O've got a job an' a pass on the Wabash."-American Mutual.

Short on Legal Terms

An old lady walked into a judge's office. "Are you the judge of the reprobates?" she inquired.

"I am the judge of probate," replied His Honor.

"Well, that's it, I expect," she answered. "You see, my husband died detested and left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."-Selected.

-Nothing Unusual

"You say you lost control of your car?" "Yes; I couldn't keep up the installment payments."-Selected.

"I saw a man eating shark at the aquarium."

"That's nothing; I saw a man eating herring in the park."-Selected.

- 7

Like Throwing it Away

It's poor economy for a girl to buy a pair of \$5 hose and then roll them down to about \$1.75.—Selected.

A man was walking along the street, and he saw a house on fire. He rushed across the way and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be slightly deaf. appeared at the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What did you say?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above.

"I said your house is afire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!"

"What did you say?"

"House afire! Quick!"

The lady smiled.

"Is that all?" she said sweetly.

"Well," replied the man hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."

He Ought to Know Better

There is no use trying to joke with a woman. The other day Jones heard a pretty good conundrum and decided to try it on his wife.

"Do you know why I am like a mule?" he asked her when he went home.

"No," she replied promptly. "I know you are, but I don't know why."-Life.

Dad Knows the Story

Dorothy: "Dad, Jack and I have gone together for nearly two years. He has finally graduated from Yale and to-night he wants to have a long, serious talk with you."

Her Father: "I'm sorry, Dot, but it won't do the young man any good. My mind is firmly made up. I've bought all the bonds I can afford this year."-Selected.

Don't Like Low Barometer

She-"Haven't I always been fair to

He-"Yes, but I want you to be fair and warmer."

Barber: "Well my little man, and how would you like to have your hair cut?"

Little Freddy (aged six): "If you please, sir, just like father's, and don't forget the little round hole at the top where the head comes through."

Leader of Dr. Cadman's Radio

Continued from page 353

the society has grown by one-fourth its numbers, to meet the new conductor.

The Cathedral Chorus, though in its infancy is singing with much perfection of style as do all of Mr. Thayer's choruses whatever their nature, religious or secu-The perfect rapport between conductor and men and the perfect sincerity of the leader and his absolute respect for his work, mean an increasing approach to perfection of accomplishment.

Mr. Thayer and the choristers and Mr. Sidney Dorlon Lowe at the piano really mean to make this an outstanding group in the singing world.

Heart Throbs of Famous People

Continued from page 368

Touching shoulders, as he did with all sorts of men, having an opportunity to gain first-hand information and having an entre to societies and groups that were making history, Mr. Corey gathered much picturesque information which led to his lecturing on international politics. His articles in leading magazines and periodicals have given intimate glimpses of the swiftly moving events during the World War. As special correspondent for Associated newspapers from his home in Washington, he still continues busy days writing out of the storyland of experiences that came to him in the way of eventful incidents since he first left Toledo on a newspaper pass.

"Our Jim"—A Biography

Continued from page 359

I came back and graduated with the class of 1920.

"At that time I was very ambitious to get along. I wanted to go to a scientific school, so I picked the hardest school in the United States. Before I realized it, between running elevators in the evenings to get money to pay my tuition, and studying back and forth on the street cars, I fell back in my classes. I appealed to the Mooseheart Alumni Association and the association loaned me enough money to help me until I graduated.

When I borrowed the money I was not asked 'Where is your collateral?' They just said, 'Here is the money; your word is all we need.' They loaned me two thousand dollars at that time, and out of my first earnings of my first job I paid back every cent of the two thousand dollars. That got me into the habit of saving money. I kept right at it until I got some more in the bank, and like all young people it began to burn in my pocket a little. I wanted to do a thousand things with it. I wanted to buy an automobile, for in-



Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

More than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-

speed basis. This holds whether the call is from New Orleans to Boston or from New York to Oyster Bay.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through - and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long distance calls in the Bell

System was further materially reduced in 1928.

A high-speed service to all parts of the country-calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local callsthat is the aim of the Bell System.

This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give highspeed telephone service. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

stance, just like all young fellows do. I didn't know what to do with it, but one day in the Director General's office in Washington I happened to see some figures that came through showing what it cost to keep a child at Mooseheart. As a matter of curiosity I figured the time I was at Mooseheart and also what it had cost to keep me at Mooseheart. This represented pretty closely what I had saved up and had in the bank.

"I want to clear up any doubt that ever existed in anyone's mind regarding the attitude of any young boy or girl who has gone through Mooseheart. If anyone is proud of Mooseheart, it is the Mooseheart boy and girl. I know what the chance meant to me, and laying automobiles and all other things aside, the thought came to me that the thing to do with that bank balance I had saved up was to give to some other young chap the same opportunity that the Moose gave me.

"I have in my hand here my personal check in the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars which the Moose invested in me. If Director-General Davis, on behalf of the Mooseheart Governors, will accept this check for twenty-five hundred dollars to be applied to the education of some other young man who needs it, I shall gladly turn it over to him at this time."

The Making of That Little Lump of Sugar

Continued from page 355

Jaronu to the Brooklyn plant is christened Domino, which was suggested by the little blocks used in the popular game that utilized skill in a pastime where the constructive idea was to build and then to build with the domino. This doubtless inspired the idea of preparing sugar in this convenient form to be widely distributed on tables where human beings use sugar, and have the benefits of one of the most energizing forces represented in food products.

Although naturally of a very modest disposition there has been much in the career of Earl D. Babst that is an inspiring example to young men of today. The city of Crestline, Ohio is the place of his birth which occurred two days after the Fourth of July celebration in 1870. He attended the Kenyon Military Academy and Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio from which he has received the honorary degree of LL.D. He also has a Ph.B. and LL.B. from the University of Michigan, as well as an honorary degree, but the real degree that Earl Babst has won is that of industrialist of the new order of things. He was general counsel of the National Biscuit Company, American Radiator Company and other large corporations, before his connection with the American Sugar Refining Com-

pany as president in 1915, and has been chairman of the board since 1925. There are few phases of large business or industrial activities that have not come before Earl Babst in one way or another for consideration and decision. In all these deliberations Mr. Babst never overlooks the human equation and the impulses and emotions, which although invisible, have much to do with crystallizing the enduring practical progress of all material human achievements worth while.

Edith Scott Magna's Magic D. A. R. Work Continued from page 349

by the daughter-each helps the other to the utmost in their respective undertakings. The mere phrase, "Proud of daughter, and proud of father" does not express it. They were not only proud of each other, but seemed to supplement and co-ordinate their capabilities for a common purpose in a good cause-something that was entirely outside of a selfish purpose or desire for personal gain. Each one is as loyal to the organizations they represent as the Scots are to their clan, exemplifying the high ideals of the Daughters of the American Revolution, organized thirty-nine years ago in Washington and incorporated by Act of Congress in 1896. These two individuals in their respective ways have carried on the

objects of this Society—to perpetuate the memory of the spirit of those who achieved American independence and the promotion of institutions and ideals for the diffusion of knowledge, fostering true patriotism, national and international, to aid mankind and womankind in enjoying the full blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Half Million Without a Country in U. S. A. Continued from page 351

mandatory—she cannot be permitted to remain in this country. Here, clearly, the American citizen husband feels that he is discriminated against because he cannot keep his wife with him. Prior to the Cable Act if her husband was a citizen she would also be a citizen and no question of deportation could arise.

The Philippine Islands have a citizenship law of their own, and persons may be naturalized citizens of those Islands. They do not become citizens of the United States, however, nor are native-born Philippinos citizens of the United States, though they owe allegiance to this country, and are so-called "Nationals" of the United States. Citizens of the territories of Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands are, unlike citizens of the Philippines, citizens of the United States by reason of their territorial allegiance.

In a recent election the right of a woman to hold office in the Congress of the United States was questioned because it was alleged she was not an American citizen. This woman was born in the United States and possibly never had left it. She had, however, married an alien prior to the Cable Act and while her husband is now dead it was alleged that she was not a citizen as would have been the case if there were no Cable Act by reason of her continued residence in the country because there had been no naturalization procedure. Then it developed that the candidate for office was sufficiently familiar with the laws of the land that she had become naturalized and therefore was a citizen at the time of the election, whereupon the objectors found a new cause to press against her growing out of the citizenship qualification in that the Constitution requires that a representative shall have been seven years a citizen of the United States. It was contended that inasmuch as seven years had not elapsed since her naturalization, she was not eligible to her seat. However, the House of Representatives is by the Constitution the judge of the elections and the qualifications of its members and the final right to determine whether a woman with the disabilities urged by her opponents may become a member of that body rests with Congress itself and whether their decision is based on sound law or right or wrong, they have the final say.

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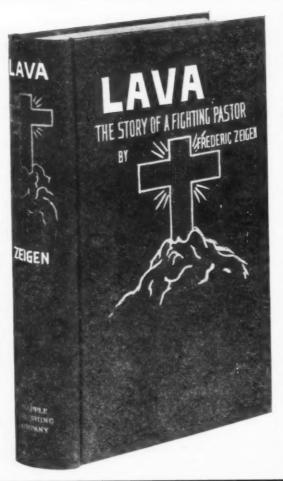
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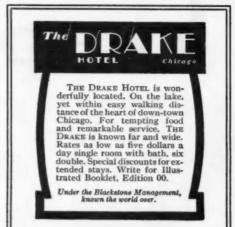


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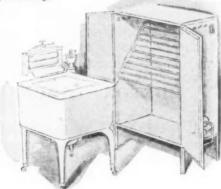




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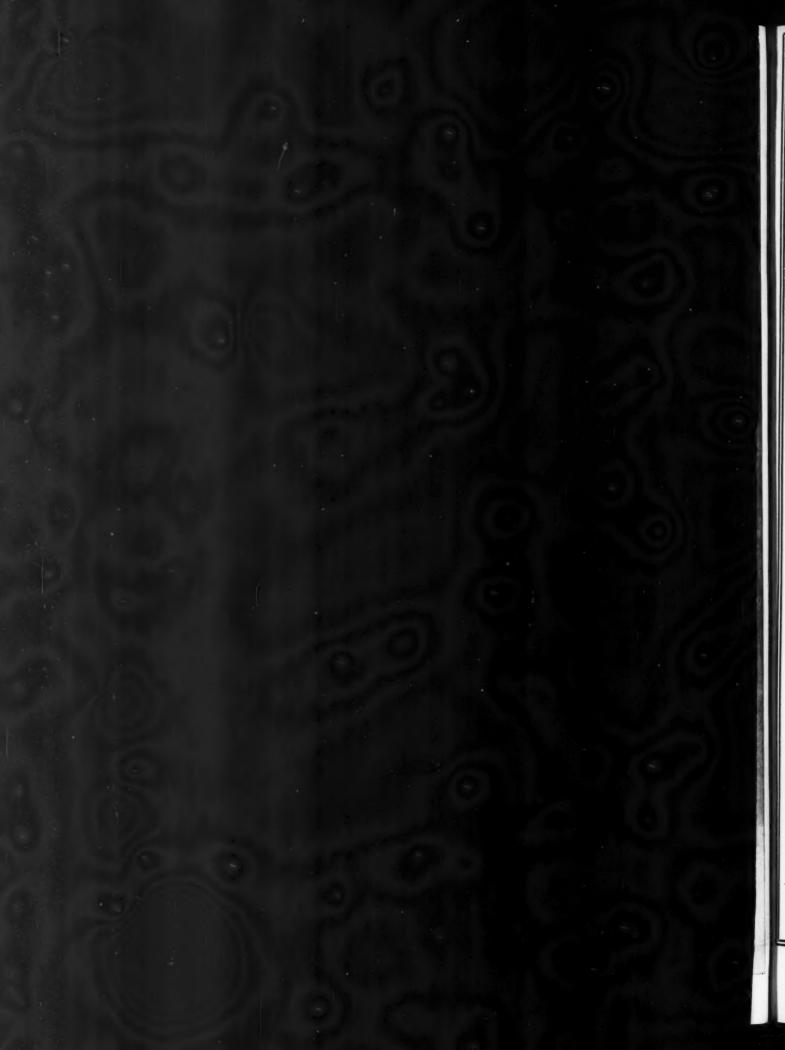
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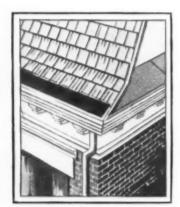
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